The Post

Sunday Special

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CAMBRAI PUSH—NEW ADVANCE

BRITISH CAPTURE BOURLON WOOD.

TANKS AND INFANTRY ATTACK KEY POSITION.

MANY GERMAN COUNTER-THRUSTS BEATEN OFF.

Several German attacks on our positions at Bourlon Wood, near Cambrai, are reported by Sir Douglas Haig. A strong attack compelled our troops to yield ground slightly, but a counter-attack by our troops restored the position.

A graphic description of the fight for Bourlon Wood, a key position to Cambrai, is given by the Press Association Correspondent. Infantry and Tanks were engaged, and it is reported some of our men are clean through the wood. Three German counter-attacks were broken and thrown back.

Violent fighting is raging round Fontaine, which is now in flames and is encircled by our troops on three sides. Further gains in the Hindenburg Line are reported.

German attempts to pierce the Italian lines between the Rivers Brenta and Piave continue, and the gratifying news comes to hand that the Italians are stoutly resisting and throwing back each attack. With each passing day the belief strengthens that the Italians will be able to definitely hold the enemy on the Piave line.

BRITISH BEAT OFF ATTACKS AT BOURLON WOOD.

(FROM FIELD-MARSHALL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.)

British Headquarters, Saturday, 9.30 p.m.

Fierce fighting has taken place during the day in the neighbourhood of Bourlon Wood, where the enemy has made several determined attempts with fresh troops to regain possession of the high ground.

This morning a strong hostile attack compelled our troops to give ground slightly in this area.

Later in the day our troops counter-attacked, and re-established our former line.

On the extreme right of the Southern battle front we have improved our positions in the neighbourhood of Banteaux and have captured several prisoners.

On the Ypres battle front hostile artillery has again been active in the Passchendaele sector.

Earlier in the day Sir Douglas Haig reported that after severe fighting on Friday, in which the enemy offered stubborn resistance, our troops stormed the important and dominating high ground about Bourlon Wood.

To the east of Bourlon Wood some progress was made in the neighbourhood of Fontaine Notre Dame.

To the west of the wood our troops made further progress along the Hindenburg Line astride the Canal du Nord, in the neighbourhood of Mœuvres.

Since the commencement of operations on the 20th inst. it is known that over 100 guns have been taken by us, including several heavy guns of calibres up to eight-inch.

BRITISH "CLEAN THROUGH"

France, Saturday Night.

By the early afternoon yesterday we had penetrated well into the middle of Bourlon Wood.

With continual hand-to-hand fighting and skirmishing in the wood, in which the Tanks rendered noble assistance, we continued pushing through until by the evening some of our men had gone clean through it.

Whether the whole wood rests in our hands cannot be ascertained, but certainly we have ranged all over it, and the stoutness and determination shown by our men were beyond all praise.

The wood was not only protected with formidably fortified and well-camouflaged trenches on the south and west sides, but was full of machine guns and strong poiuts.—Press Association Special Correspondent.

HARD FIGHTING IN PROGRESS.

THE POSITION AT FONTAINE.

NEW SECTION OF "LINE" CAPTURED.

(By Press Association Special Correspondent.)

Correspondents' Headquarters, British Army, France, Saturday.

Very hard fighting has been going on on the left or northern front of our advance in the region of Moeuvres, Bourlon Wood, and Fontaine, where the Germans have hurried up large quantities of new troops and guns.

In spite of all enemy attempts to hold us, we have continued to push forward, if slowly, and not with the speed of the first days of the thrust.

With their new troops the Germans have flung several heavy counter-attacks against us, of which three in the Fontaine-Bourlon Wood area were pushed with great determination. In each case they were broken and thrown back.

As each attack receded we crept on again, infantry and tanks together, and by degrees we ate our way into the great wood and up the slopes on which it stands.

The Germans, who had been rushed up with orders to hold it at all costs, fought stubbornly and well, and they are supported here by abundant artillery. But, as so often before, our men have shown themselves altogether superior to the enemy when it comes to straight, hard, close fighting.

More Hindenburg Line Captured.

Both to the west and east of here the struggle was also at times intense.

We have again broken further along the Hindenburg line to the west of Moeuvre, again enlarging the base of our wedge into the German defence to the northward.

In Moeuvres, where we were on the southern edge of the village yesterday morning, street fighting of great ferocity has been in progress, the enemy continually bringing up new waves of men, only to be again and again thrown out.

Fierce Fighting for Fontaine.

Even fiercer at times was the struggle around Fontaine, which hapless village is now in flames, and has been burning all night.

After we evacuated it on the previous day the Germans pushed in and manned the houses, mounting machine guns to fire from the windows, and posting snipers at all manner of places.

I have explained in former messages that Fontaine is absolutely commanded from both flanks. At present the village is burning, while our posts encircle it on three sides.

What is perhaps the most tragic aspect of the struggle for Fontaine is that, as mentioned before, there were about a hundred civilians who would not accept advice and leave their homes for safety within our lines when the rest of the population did so.

Many of them may have been killed, but if they are living they have probably been forced back into German territory.

Fresh Discovery of Guns.

On the extreme right of our advance in the Grevecoeur region fighting is also going on, and here also we have certainly crept forward, but definite information is very hard to get.

From various points of the battlefield I hear of discoveries of guns deserted by the enemy when they fled, and our booty in this respect promises to be much larger than so far announced or suspected.

GERMANS PUTTING UP FIERCE RESISTANCE.

Hand-to-Hand Fighting in Bourlon Wood.

France, 24th November.

These last few days have been about the most thrilling and most full of joyous excitement that have been seen for three years on the Western front.

The German resistance has hardened. Yesterday and to-day hard fighting has been going on at many points along our new front, especially about Fontaine and the Bourlon Wood and Mœuvres, on the north of our advance, and before Grevecour, which is further east, and due south of Cambrai.

In the former sector in particular the Germans throughout yesterday kept pushing new troops against us in counter-attack after counter-attack, but each attack as it came on was beaten back, and all day long we continued to push forward, and this morning we have been still pushing.

I know that our men have been clean through Bourlon Wood, the great six hundred acre tract of oak and ash forest with thick undergrowth which, crowning the highest ground in this region, is a conspicuous landmark for a long distance round. It has been hard hand-to-hand fighting in and out among trees, and it has only been by their individual superiority as fighting men that our troops have forced their way through it.

Forty Miles of Country Recovered.

The machine-gun taken by us will go to several hundreds. West Riding troops alone had taken fifty-eight up to yesterday.

In our advance we overran about forty square miles of new country. We have retaken for France ten of her villages.

Between us and the town of Cambrai is still a half-built line of trenches, and the enemy here has been massing many guns.

So completely did the tanks do their work of breaking wire and frightening the enemy that three battalions advancing behind the monsters had on the first morning only five casualties among them.

Several brigades have taken here many more prisoners than they had men wounded, and besides the prisoners there are places where the German dead lie thick.

The weather throughout has been very bad, to-day being the first day when it has not rained.—Reuter's Special Correspondent.

CAPTURE OF CAMBRAI EXPECTED SOON.

Bury, Saturday Night.

Mr A. H. Illingworth, Postmaster-General, speaking at Bury this afternoon, said he thought before very long, probably in a week, the town of Cambrai and surrounding district would be in our hands, and before long Jerusalem itself would also be in our hands.

AEROPLANES SHARE IN THE ATTACK.

(From Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig.)

France, Saturday, 9.35 p.m.

On the 23rd inst. our aeroplanes co-operated with our infantry in the attacks, flying up and down the line of our advancing troops at a low height, and helping with machine-gun fire to disperse the enemy's infantry.

Hostile reinforcements and transport on the roads were also attacked, and many bombs were dropped behind the battle front on important railway junctions, at which rolling stock was collected and detraining in progress.

Australian squadrons again took part in this work, which was carried out continuously throughout the day, although the weather at times made flying almost impossible.

In air fighting six hostile machines were brought down. Nine of our aeroplanes are missing, two of which were seen to collide over the enemy's lines.

1000 AEROPLANES DOWN

With French Army, Saturday.

The record of the French Army aviators, including the Lafayette Squadron, for the last ten months up to the end of October, shows that they destroyed 120 German aeroplanes over the French lines, also 397 over the German lines, the destruction of which has been fully confirmed.

In addition to these 513 others were brought down over the German lines and probably destroyed, but confirmation of these was unobtainable.

The total comes to 1030 in all.

Twenty-two German captive balloons were also destroyed.—Press Association Special Correspondent.

GERMAN REPLY TO RUSSIA.

DECLINES TO ACCEPT PEACE DELEGATES

UNLESS ARMY RETIRES SIXTY MILES.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The Mayor of Petrograd states that the Germans have declined to receive the Parliamentarians sent by orders of the Maximalists.

The Germans declare they can only conduct peace negotiations with the constituent assembly.

They make it a preliminary condition to entering into pourparlers that there shall be a withdrawal of the Russians to the extent of 60 miles, they themselves holding their present positions.—Reuter.

BOURLON FIGHT—Continued.

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BATTLE FOR THE PIAVE.

ITALIANS' BRILLIANT RESISTANCE.

STRONG ENEMY THRUST REPULSED.

London, Saturday Night.

The long drawn battle on the Italian front from the Asiago plateau to the Brenta is still proceeding, and the operations are beginning to resemble the operations before Verdun in 1916 by reason of the ferocity and rapidity of the German attacks.

The object of the Germans is to break through and take the whole Piave line in the rear, and to-night's report from Rome records that these efforts are being steadily checked. The report states that powerful thrusts by the Germans on the mountain front from the Asiago plateau to the Brenta, stubbornly carried out, all failed.

On the plains German groups attempting to cross the Piave in boats were thrown into the river by artillery fire.

The German report to-day is brief and significant that the Italian resistance is proving effective. Berlin merely states that in the mountains between the Brenta and the Piave there has been fighting which is "progressing favourably for us."

German Desperation.

There is some ground for hoping that the Italians will maintain the line of the Piave, though it is yet too early to speak with absolute confidence. Every additional day which passes gives the Italian Army time to consolidate its position.

If the German forces fail to break through it will mean that their Italian venture has left them with the great disadvantage of another long line of front to man, for the Austrians, unaided, cannot withstand the united Italian and Anglo-French forces.

Realising how much is at stake, no battle since the Marne has been fought with such tremendous consequences, and the enemy may be expected to fight with the greatest desperation and tenacity.

The battle of the Piave is clearly destined to be one of the decisive battles of the war. It will have an influence on the war's duration.

PLUMER IN COMMAND.

London, Saturday Night.

The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of General Sir H. Plumer to command the British Forces in Italy.

General Plumer began his military career forty-one years ago. The famous cavalry leader's subsequent record has been a distinguished one.

BRITISH NEARER JERUSALEM.

CAPTURE OF MIZPAH RIDGE.

TURKS' COUNTER-ATTACKS BEATEN OFF.

London, Saturday Night.

The following despatch dealing with the Palestine campaign was issued to-day:—

Our troops stormed the Nebi Samwil Ridge, the site of the ancient Mizpah, which is 5000 yards west of the Jerusalem-Nablus Road.

Repeated counter-attacks by the Turks have been beaten off.

The enemy has bombarded the Mosque containing the traditional tomb of the prophet Samuel, which our troops have carefully avoided.

Our mounted troops, which had approached Beituuia on 21st, were forced back by a strong counter-attack, and are now holding Beit-Ur-El, Foka-Upper, Beth-Horon.

After heavy rain, the weather is now bright and cold.

General Allenby reports that the successful action on November 19, when the enemy were driven from the defile west of Kuryet-el-Enab, was due to the gallantry of Somerset, Wiltshire and Gurkha regiments.

KERENSKY'S NEW PLANS.

REACTION AGAINST SOVIET EXPECTED.

KALENDIN IN POWER IN MID-RUSSIA.

Copenhagen, Saturday.

A message to the Politiken from Christiania states that M. Soskice, private secretary to M. Kerensky, has passed through Christiania on his way to England with messages from his chief.

He declared that all rumours as to Kerensky being killed or arrested were false. Kerensky is safe, and is making plans for the immediate future.

M. Soskice also said that the Bolsheviks had undoubtedly negotiated with the German Government before they attained to power, and there was every reason to believe that Lenin extensively used German money for propaganda. He maintained that Germany could not make a separate peace with Petrograd and Moscow, who do not represent Russia.

Kalendin, who does not want peace until victory is gained, was in power in Middle Russia.

The chaos of the Bolsheviks gaining recognition as Russia's rulers was extremely small. The intellectual classes, whose assistance was indispensable, were against them and the Bolshevik anarchy would necessarily cause a reaction which was but a question of weeks at the utmost.

The National Tidends Malmoe correspondent states that Petrograd newspapers declare that Madame Kerensky was arrested on Tuesday by the Red Guard for pulling down a red placard. It is further reported that General Brusiloff was seriously wounded in the course of the fights in Moscow.

AUSTRIA AND THE PEACE OFFER.

Doubtful About the Russian Position.

Amsterdam (Received Saturday).

Replying to Count Tisza in the Hungarian Lower House, the Premier, Dr Weckerle remarked—The conditions in Russia are so confused that it cannot be said whether the peace party there will be in a position to realise what it is striving for. No peace or armistice offer has yet been received. When such is received it will in agreement with our Allies be submitted to our benevolent consideration—(cheers)—and if the conditions are acceptable we will accept the offer.

A Vienna telegram reports that Dr von Seidler, the Austrian Premier, replying in the Reichsrath to interpellation regarding the Russian peace offer, said no such offer had yet been received by the Foreign Minister from the Eastern front, but that the offer would be examined in a benevolent spirit, and if couched in accommodating terms would be accepted. Obscure conditions prevailing in Russia at present, the Premier added, do not, however, permit of any clear judgment as to whether the peace party will be able to accomplish its objects.

U BOAT SUNK.

Destroyer's Successful Action.

Washington, Saturday.

A United States Navy official report states:—One more German U boat has been accounted for by American destroyers operating in European waters. Whilst on patrol duty a destroyer sighted a periscope 400 yards off. Immediately ringing up full speed ahead, the commanding officer headed his craft to pass a few yards ahead of the submarine. As the destroyer passed over the U boat's course a depth charge was dropped.

This evidently caused damage to the U boat, which shortly afterwards broached about 500 yards away. Fire was immediately opened on the submarine by two of our destroyers, which circled about their target. The submarine did not return fire, and was eviden ly disabled.

One of the destroyers got a line to her, intending to tow her, but the boat soon sank.

U BOAT GOES DOWN IN DRAMATIC ACTION.

London, Saturday Night.

Saturday seems a day of ill omen for submarines. In the House of Commons, on Monday, the Prime Minister announced that five had been destroyed last Saturday. From all I hear (says a correspondent), at least one other pirate came to grief this morning, and the action, I am told, was of a particularly thrilling and dramatic character.

Addition to "Barred Zone."

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Handel-blad's Berlin correspondent telegraphs concerning the German change in the measure relating to submarines. As far as Dutch waters are concerned, the change in the submarine measure was resolved on only after long negotiations with the Netherlands Government.

For Holland the change signifies a diminution of the channel along the coast to Texel of about eight to five nautical miles. Fishing on the coast at present is made impossible.

Against this the fairway for waters north of Scotland allowed free for a couple of months for Dutch fishing has become more important and better. The object of the new German measure is to prevent direct shipping between Holland and England, and vice versa.

ENEMY RETREAT IN EAST AFRICA.

HOSPITALS SURRENDER; ALL BRITISH PRISONERS SET FREE.

London, Saturday.

The correspondent with the British Forces in East Africa, under date Nada, November 19, wires:—

The pursuit of the remnants of the main force under Colonel von Lettow Vorbeck (Commander of the German East African Army), across Makande Plateau, continues.

The fighting has been of a most determined character. Specially fine work has been done by the King's African Rifles, the Cape Corps, and the Nigerian Brigade. These courageous Africans, excellently led by white officers, have marched and fought with grim loyalty inspired by the addition of discipline to their own fine fighting spirit.

The terrain is most difficult. It is heavily wooded and undulating, favouring those rearguard actions of which Lettow makes frequent use to extricate the main body of his forces. There is also dense undergrowth, with the result that movement, except by paths well known to the enemy, is almost impossible. The long lines of communication and makeshift roads make the task of feeding most difficult.

Nevertheless our men thrust forward each day, while a network of telegraph wires keeps headquarters in constant touch with the columns, enabling the policy of keeping the enemy on the run to be consistently followed.

In addition to the captures mentioned in the last communique, we have taken two surgeons, a dentist, four white hospital dressers, a number of native stretcher-bearers, and 530 natives.

It is most significant that the Germans are surrendering their hospitals throughout the country, and all the British prisoners have been released. The enemy has abandoned his last five-inch gun intact, and destroyed the guns of smaller calibres.

INTENSE GUN-FIRE ON MEUSE.

Paris, Saturday Night.

On the right bank of the Meuse the artillery fighting became very intense in the course of the afternoon, and in the region of Beaumont Bezonvause. There was intermittent shelling on the rest of the front.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

In Flanders there was a strong artillery duel from Houthoulst Wood to Becelaere. To the south of the Scarpe increased artillery activity prevailed.

British attacks against the villages of Inchy, Moeuvres, and Banteaux failed, with heavy losses.—German Night Report.

Paris, Saturday Night.

The report from Macedonia says:—On the British front the enemy attempted several raids, which were all broken up before reaching our positions.

To the north of Monastir there was rather intense artillery fighting.

THE DEFEATED GERMAN GENERALS.

Geneva, Saturday.

The news of the German defeat in the Cambrai sector has produced a profound impression in Berlin.

The Basle Zeitung learns that severe disciplinary measures will be adopted by Hindenburg against at least two German generals involved in the defeat.

DARING BRITISH AIRMAN

Wins D.C.M. for Great Feat.

Peterboro, Saturday.

News has reached Peterboro' to-day that Sergeant J. F. Stephenson, Royal Flying Corps, has been awarded the D.C.M. Stephenson was out on patrol, when attacked by six German planes.

One he sent down in flames, and one crashed into the German trenches. His observer was shot, and the engine and the petrol tanks were riddled with bullets.

He was forced to land in "No Man's Land," but managed to reach the British trenches safely. This makes the fifth German aeroplane he has brought down.

NEW AIR MINISTER

London, Saturday Night.

It is reported here to-night that Lord Rothermere has been offered and accepted the post of Air Minister in succession to Lord Cowdray. Lord Rothermere is a brother of Viscount Northcliffe, who lately announced that he had been offered and refused the post.

MAUDE'S SUCCESSOR.

Bold, Enterprising General Gets Command.

London, Saturday Night.

Lieutenant-General Sir W. R. Marshall, K.C.B., has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in Mesopotamia.

Lieutenant-General Marshall, who succeeds the late General Maude in the Mesopotamia command, is experienced in the fighting in this theatre of operations, while he has also a creditable record of field service in previous operations. He was twice wounded in South Africa, and was wounded in France in May, 1915. He was promoted to be Lieutenant-General, and in General Maude's despatch last July reporting the capture of Bagdad he bore special testimony to the bold methods and intelligent appreciation of the General who now succeeds him.

LLOYD GEORGE HOPEFUL.

ENEMY IN DEADLY GRIP.

SHIPYARD MEN'S UNIQUE DEPUTATION.

London, Saturday Night.

A representative deputation of employers and workmen engaged in shipbuilding has been received by the Prime Minister, when they placed before him their joint suggestions as to the best means for securing the greatest output of new ships.

The deputation was introduced by Mr Alex. Wilkie, M.P. for Dundee.

The Prime Minister, in the course of his reply, said this was quite a unique deputation. It was one of the most encouraging features in the prosecution of the war, and it was a matter for considerable gratification that a desire should be expressed by employers and workmen for the setting up of some body representative of both which would be an efficient instrument in the settling of all difficulties and disputes.

The Premier added—We are fighting for our lives. We have terrible struggles on land before us; but if we are secure on the seas—well, to use a phrase, "We have got them." They cannot escape us. We have got them in a deadly grip, and knowing the character of the people of this country as I do, they do not let go once they have started.

I cannot tell you how cheered I am by the fact that you have come here to say "We want to work together. We want to settle our disputes amongst ourselves. We want the Government departments to cease overlapping and to assist us to do the work." That is the way in which we will win, and I want you especially to try to prevent the little disputes which concern neither the employer nor the Government from stopping the work.—Exchange.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG THE REAL PACIFIST.

Dr Macnamara on National Sacrifice.

Coventry, Saturday Night.

Speaking to-day at Coventry, Dr Macnamara declared German craft and duplicity were more busy now than ever before. Until the German military machine had received such a smashing blow that no amount of make-believe could hide naked truth from the eyes of the German population, the purpose for which we entered the war would not have been achieved. The real pacifists were Sir Douglas Haig and his gallant soldiers. He appealed to the civilian population to back up our army with a united front, and to willingly take their share of any sacrifices that might come upon them.

LORD RHONDDA ON CATTLE ORDERS.

Important Statement.

London, Saturday.

Lord Rhondda to-day, when the Herefordshire Herd Society visited Llanwern Park, Monmouthshire, to inspect his famous herd of Hereford cattle, said he had an important pnouncement to make. "There is no restriction upon the sale of pedigree stock for breeding purposes," he said.

"No Order has at present been issued compelling live cattle to be slaughtered, or fixing the price at which live cattle must be sold. Cattle bought to be slaughtered for the army are maximum prices above which army buyers must not buy.

"If it should become necessary to make an Order fixing maximum prices for live cattle, and there probably in the near future would be an Order, pedigree stock for breeding purposes would be excepted, and prices to be paid for other stock would depend on the quality and weight of animals."

SAVING THE BABIES.

Dr Addison Speaks Out.

London, Saturday.

Dr Addison, Minister of Reconstruction, in an address before the Faculty of Insurance at the Central Hall to-day, said it was of vital interest to the nation that women at the time of child-birth should be attended by only fully qualified midwives and nurses. Instead of losing, as we had done, a quarter of a million children since the war began we should be providing the nation annually with not an army corps but an army.

The Ministry of Munitions had discovered that better conditions and shorter hours contributed largely to increased output. The most important step towards a healthier nation was a better system of housing, not only in cities and towns, but also in rural districts. It was a question which could not wait any longer owing to the unprecedented burdens which would have to be faced after the war. The machinery must be got in order before that burden was cast upon us. If we failed in our duty posterity would blame us for our cowardice and neglect.

"SICKLY SENTIMENT."

London, Saturday.

The burial of a pet dog belonging to Lady Anderson of Portland Square, London, at Molesworth Dog Cemetery had its sequel to-day at Huntingdon Police Court.

John M'Carthy, taxicab driver, of Maida Vale, who conveyed the coffin containing the dog from Molesworth, together with Sir Maurice and Lady Anderson, was fined £50 under the Motor Spirit Restriction Order.

The Bench told the defendant he had connived with Lady Anderson in putting sickly sentiment before patriotism.

EDINBURGH TRAMWAY DISPUTE.

WORKERS' NEW DEMANDS.

Edinburgh, Saturday Night.

Another tramway dispute has cropped up in Edinburgh, and a mass meeting of the employees has been arranged to be held when work is dropped to-night, namely, after midnight. Following the previous dispute the arbiter granted male employees an advance of 5s per week as a war bonus with 2s 6d to women conductors. Free passes were withdraw, but the employees were allowed to travel free to and from their work. This award did not prove satisfactory to the workers, who, as a protest, decided to work no overtime except the regular Sunday duty.

The workers new demands are—

1.—That the recent war bonus granted to the employees should now be considered as wages.

2.—That an additional 2d per hour should be granted to all employees.

3.—That the free passes should be returned, and

4.—That there should be a general holiday for all employees on New Year's Day.

After the attitude taken up by the Company in connection with the previous dispute there is little prospect of an early agreement, but it is to be hoped that a strike will be avoided. Public sympathy has veered round in favour of the men since the Company took advantage of the arbiter's award to increase the fares substantially.

At to-night's meeting the men will hear a report from a deputation of their number, who waited on the Directors of the Company and presented the men's claim.

"DEAD" SOLDIER A PRISONER.

Parents' Mourning Turned to Joy.

Alexandria, Saturday.

Some time ago Mr and Mrs Alexander M'Callum, Ben View, Tarbet, Loch Lomond, received official intimation that their son, Private Lachlan M'Callum, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was killed in action in France on 20th September last.

His parents and family went into mourning. Now their grief has been turned to gladness by the receipt of a letter, dated 11th November, stating that he is wounded and a prisoner of war in Germany.

Private M'Callum had been sent to headquarters with an important message, and was shot on the way, and he rolled into a shell hole.

He was seen by another soldier, the message clenched in his hand, and this soldier, taking and delivering the paper, reported Private M'Callum's death. The authorities wrote that they had no record of his burial, but as the line had advanced the grave-diggers had probably attended to that.

Then came a letter to his parents from Germany, written on 11th October. Opening it they found it was from their son, stating that he was a prisoner of war, with a bullet-wound in his abdomen, and was progressing favourably. He had lain in the shell hole for three days before being picked up by the Germans.

The news of his safety was naturally received by his parents with great emotion. Private M'Callum is nineteen years of age, a native of Tarbet, and before enlisting was employed at the Station Hotel, Perth.

BATHGATE AND ARMADALE TEACHERS.

Boards Recommend Increased Salaries.

Bathgate, Saturday.

Members of Bathgate Landward School Board to-day sent to the Education Department their scheme for allocation of Government grant of £411, plus the increase taken from rates, calculated on last year's war bonus. The new increases are subject to the Department's approval, and are retrospective as from 1st April last.

Armadale headmaster's salary is increased £55, and Armadale headmistress' salary is increased by £30, while increases to assistants range from £45 to £10, as compared with the pre-war rate. The headmistress at Bridgend School is given an increase of £25, and her two assistants £15 each, while the headmistress at Starlaw is increased by £20, and her assistant by £10.

Members of Bathgate Combined School Board have also to-day sent their scheme of allocation forward. The increases on the pre-war rate are:—Headmaster Bathgate Public School, £50; headmaster's two chief male assistants, £30 each; headmistress and her chief assistant, £25 each; while the increases to the rest of the staff range from £20 to £5.

THREATENED STRIKE AT FIFE COLLIERY.

Dunfermline, Saturday Night.

At a meeting in Dunfermline, this afternoon, of the Executive of the Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannanshire Miners' Board the district secretary reported that a serious state of matters had arisen at the Michael Colliery, Wemyss. Many of them, he said, were unable to earn wages because of the extent to which the double shift system of working was being engaged in two of the sections.

It was agreed to remit the matter to the National Union Executive, with a request that the stoppage of work at the colliery should be sanctioned in the event of the grievance not being satisfactorily adjusted with the employers.

There was great interest taken in the baby show held in Trinity Hall, Aberdeen, yesterday, when there was an entry of 219 "single" babies and ten sets of twins. Lady Adam Smith, the wife of the Principal of Aberdeen University, presided. The proceeds go to the Red Cross.

BOGUS HERO'S EXPLOITS.

OFFICER AND MAGISTRATE DECEIVED.

SEQUEL TO A GIFT FROM THE POOR BOX.

London, Saturday Night.

A remarkable story of a bogus hero who said he was awaiting investiture by the King at Buckingham Palace, was told at Westminster Police Court when George [illegible] (22), self-styled the Hon George [illegible], had absconded, and George Turnbull, private in the Grenadier Guards, was charged with complicity in cheque fraud.

Prosecuting for the Union of London and Smith's Bank, Mr Covill said Turnbull presented at the Victoria Street, Westminster branch a forged cheque for £5, stolen from a cheque-book issued to Major Robert Morris, retired.

Detained and arrested, Turnbull made a statement compromising Orwin. He was subsequently apprehended at Piccadilly. He was wearing various ribbons and decorations, one of which he said was the Royal Order of St Michael. He was found in possession of the major's cheque-book, which many forms had been abstracted.

A remand having been ordered for Orwin to be traced, Major Morris, attending Court, explaining that Orwin had been a guest at home with other wounded soldiers and that, believeing him to be a hero under command to attend at Buckingham Palace, he was perfectly willing to go bail for him.

Cleared Missionary's Desk of Cash.

The Magistrate was so impressed that he decided to accept recognisances of the Church Missionary, Mr Barnett, for Orwin's appearance, and suggested that some assistance might be given him for the period of remand. The sequel was that Orwin was taken to the missionary's room and received 30s from the poor box. He did not, however, made good use of the opportunity to locate the desk from which the money was taken, and, returning to the room in the temporory absence of the missionary, cleared the desk of £9 in cash and a cheque for £4, and then absconded.

Detective-Sergeant Gooding said that despite the warrant issued and every inquiry Orwin had not been traced.

Mr Francis said he greatly regretted that Orwin was ever allowed out. The Court had been entirely misled by the assertions of Major Morris.

Major Morris said he had himself been misled. Orwin showed him certificates of discharge from the army and his decorations. So impressed was he that he obtained employment for him at the Naval and Military Club.

The Magistrate asked if the discharges were forgeries.

Sergt. Gooding said they had been tampered with and added to.

Mr Francis—I can only repeat that I have been greatly misled.

Turnbull, pleading guilty to obtaining money by a worthless cheque, was sentenced to three months' hard labour.

STIRLING GIRLS' CUNNING THEFT.

Stirling, Saturday Night.

For a cunningly-conceived theft Sheriff Dean Leslie at Stirling to-day sent Mary Frame (15), a shop-girl residing at Cambarran village, near Stirling, to a reformatory for five years.

The girl had called on a dairyman and asked him to go and see her mother about some chinaware, and while he was there returned to the dairyman's house and stole a purse containing a sum of money. She also committed a theft at another house.

TWO EYEMOUTH OFFICERS KILLED.

Eyemouth, Saturday.

Information has just been received of the death of two gallant soldiers belonging to Eyemouth. One of these is Lieut. Robertson, second son of Provost Robertson, who was killed almost on the same day as he received his promotion. He came home over two years ago from France, joined the Lothians and Border Horse, and was afterwards gazetted to the King's Own Scottish Borderers. He was thirty years of age. The other officer is Lieutenant John Wood, son of the late John Wood, solicitor, Eyemouth. He had seen service in France, Gallipoli, and latterly Egypt. He was twenty-six years of age.

WOMEN VICTIMS IN FACTORY EXPLOSION.

Press Bureau, Saturday.

As the result of a local explosion at a North London factory, yesterday morning, one woman was killed and two women were slightly injured.

No damage was done to the building.

LUCKY MUNITION WORKERS.

Chatham, Saturday.

An Admiralty telegram to the Chatham Dockyard says that all munition workers on plain time rates in His Majesty's dockyard are to have twelve and a half per cent. increase.

SALONIKA MAIL LOST.

London, Saturday.

The Postmaster-General announces that parcel mail for the Salonika forces, including parcels, which reached the Army Post Office, London, for despatch between approximately November 1 and the end of Novemebr 5, has been lost at sea through enemy action.

USBAND PUT OUT

WIFE HAD FRIENDS COMING.

EW YEAR PARTY LEADS TO DIVORCE.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

rd Anderson had before him an action divorce to-day at the instance of James ne, plumber, 7 Inveresk Road, elburgh, against Margaret Drever ace or Wallace, now believed to be Canada.

ursuer stated that he was married in 1887. The children of the marriage all over twenty-one. During the two years of their married life they on quite well, but he ultimately started siness on his own account, a credit ery business in Rodney Street. The ness was unsuccessful, and defender that very badly. There was a certain unt of disagreement about money ers. The family took sides with the her against pursuer.

wards the end of 1907 defender got house in Rodney Street into her own e, and on the 1st of January, 1908, she him out of the house. About half- fre she asked him to go out as she some friends coming. He refused, defender was assisted by her son, and put him out of the house by force. ursuer went to lodgings. He went back the house several times, but never got He also wrote her and she tore up the rs and sent them back again. He saw her repeatedly at church, but she not recognise him. In March, 1909, defender and her children went to ada without telling him. He had er found out her address.

rd Anderson granted decree.

D NOT CARE FOR ANY MAN.

WIFE WHO OBJECTED TO SMALL HOUSE.

rd Anderson also heard an action at the nce of Thomas Smellie, 118 Danes e, Scotstoun, against Mary Blair Mor- or Smellie, 15 Granville Street, W., gow.

ursuer stated that he was married in , 1900. At that time he was a con- tor in a good way of business, but in be met with financial misfortune, and sequestrated. After that they had to their house in Dennistoun and had to into a small house. About 11th Septem- they were staying at Eskbank Gardens, kston. Up to that time they lived in comfortable terms, but there was some reement between them as to a lodger. 11th September, when he came home work, he found his wife was away. had given him no idea that she was ing. She took the children with her. months later she had gone to Rothesay. ugh a friend there he found she was g at Port-Bannatyne. He went down tried to persuade her to return, but

February, 1914, he received a letter defender, in which she said:—"Dear —I told you I was not coming home, I would not go into a room and kitchen. uld not come back till you were clear e debt I spoke of."

ursuer said that was a debt she had in- d herself. In the letter Lord Anderson ted out she also said that she did not for any man walking, as all men were They were all selfish.

out 1915 pursuer said his wife removed boarding-house in Buccleuch Street. He again tried to get her to come home, failed.

OLDIER'S EXTRAORDI- ARY CAREER OF THEFT.

ts 30 Days' Imprisonment at Stirling.

Stirling, Saturday Night.

ivate William Kilpatrick, belonging to erve training battalion, was sentenced irty days' imprisonment at Stirling to- by Honorary Sheriff Milne, for the f £10 by housebreaking from a dwell- ouse at Whins of Milton village.

patrick, it appears, stole a bicycle at ross, and proceeded to ride it to Hamil- While passing Whins of Milton he d at a house for a drink, and, as there ed to be no one in the house, he entered back window, and stole the money, was in a pocket-book.

ceeding to Bonnybridge, he sold the e, and afterwards went to Hamilton, e he suffered thirty days' imprison- for another theft.

e police there were suspicious as to he had so much money in his possession, when he was liberated at Hamilton he at once arrested and conveyed to Stir- where he was sentenced as stated.

PERTHSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Appoints a Joint Clerk.

Pitlochry, Saturday Night.

a meeting of the Perthshire County ial Highland District Committee, at rath to-day, Mr Hugh Mitchell, clerk, Application to have Mr Buckham W. W.S., appointed as a joint clerk. his application, Mr Mitchell mentioned the public health work was becoming ous that he was unable to take up the s of the necessary committees.

Duke of Atholl, who was unable to be nt, in a letter referred to the long e of Mr Mitchell, and considered he should have responsible assistance.

Motion of the Marquis of Breadal- the appointment of Mr Liddell was mously confirmed.

SEQUEL TO MIDNIGHT RAID IN GLASGOW.

GARNETHILL RESIDENT GETS THREE MONTHS' HARD LABOUR.

Glasgow, Saturday.

Another ray of light was cast on the night life of Glasgow in the Sheriff Court yesterday, when a case was tried in which a father was charged with allowing his children to reside in a house which he occupied and allowed to be used for disorderly purposes.

The accused was John William Mitchell, an employee of the Steel Company of Scotland in their works at Blochairn. His wages were stated to be £2 5s a week, but he occupied a ten-room dwelling-house at 111 Hill Street, Garnethill, rented at £48 per annum, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association contributing £20 towards this payment on account of the services of certain members of his family in His Majesty's forces.

A member of a firm of house factors in the city stated that Mitchell's wife had been for three and a half years tenant of the house.

Police Take Action.

Police Inspector Sweeney, of the Northern Division, said he knew that the house was used for disorderly purposes. The police began to make observations on it in September, and between midnight on Saturday, October 6, and Sunday, the 7th, he was told he was wanted there. He entered the house with a sergeant and two constables, and found two men and two women. The men were Albert Glover and Sidney St Clair, the latter being manager of a picture house in Wishaw. He found the party in a bed sitting-room on the left hand side of the lobby, with three bottles of beer on the table.

Witness knew that Mitchell's children lived in the house — Lily, aged sixteen years; Ethel, fourteen; Albert, thirteen and a half; Daisy, ten; and Robert, nine. The last was in bed with his father, and the others were also in bed. The two women who were with the men were known as being of the unfortunate class.

Sydney St Clair, who said he was employed as a picture house manager, admitted that he was accosted by one of the girls, and went up to Mitchell's house. He said he was thirsty, and asked the landlady for two bottles of beer. He paid the landlady five shillings for a fire, as the room was cold. He gave a girl ten shillings, and he paid tenpence a bottle for the beer. While he was there another man and woman came to the house.

Visits by Officers.

Further evidence relative to the charge was given by other witnesses, when it emerged that various officers and civilians had visited the house. Sums of £2, £3, and over were paid by these men for a single night's accommodation. It was alleged for the defence that accused was unaware of what was going on in the house, as he rarely saw any of the girls staying there—whom he assumed to be theatrical lodgers—and his wife gave him no information on household matters.

The Sheriff, in finding the charge proven, said that accused must have known what was going on in the house. It was a very bad case, and he passed sentence of three months' hard labour.

FALKIRK POORHOUSE INMATES' TEA.

Food Control Committee and Hoarding.

Falkirk, Saturday.

An interesting sequel to Falkirk Parish Council's extensive purchase of tea for the poorhouse inmates is to-day's announcement that the local Food Control Committee view the transaction as one of "hoarding," and have decided by a majority to submit the case to the Procurator-Fiscal.

Almost a month ago the Parish Council, by the casting vote of the Chairman, decided to purchase 800 pounds of tea for poorhouse purposes, a quantity, it was stated, sufficient to last for eight months. The supply was to be taken from two Falkirk grocers in quantities of 200 lbs. at 2s 4d per lb., and 600 lbs. in one lot in November, at 3s 4d per lb., from another offerer.

FIFE MINERS INDIGNANT.

Dunfermline, Saturday Night.

A report which was submitted at a meeting of the Executive of the Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannanshire Miners' Board at Dunfermline this afternoon gave rise to much indignation on the part of the delegates.

It was to the effect that, contrary to agreement, colliery companies were, in some instances, withholding lying time to the men who had been selected for work in the Cumerland iron ore mines. Moreover, cases had been reported of threats on the part of certain coalowners to eject the families of those men from the colliery houses, also in breach of agreement.

After a lengthy discussion, in which expressions of severe condemnation were made by members, Mr William Adamson, M.P., the general secretary, gave an undertaking that he would take steps to see that the agreement in both respects was honourably implemented by the colliery proprietors in question.

FOOD RETURNED FROM GERMANY.

Motherwell, Saturday.

The officials of the Motherwell Prisoners of War Fund, of which Lady Hamilton is president, had rather a curious experience this week.

Two parcels which had been sent out to a Motherwell man some time ago were returned from Germany. On the outside packing was written in German notice to the effect that the man had left camp.

The food, however, was intact, not a single article having been disturbed, and everything was in perfect condition.

Curious, in face of the statements of food shortage in Germany.

TRIPLE DROWNING TRAGEDY.

FISHING BOAT CAPSIZED OFF ISLAY.

UNAVAILING RESCUE EFFORTS.

Islay, Saturday.

The fishing community of Portnahaven, Islay, has been cast into a state of deep gloom by a terrible triple drowning tragedy which has been enacted within sight of its shores.

Finlay M'Intyre (55), Peter M'Intyre (45), and Duncan M'Kay, all of whom followed the calling of fishermen in Portnahaven, were out on the waters of Lochindaal, near Bruichladdich Pier, working their fishing boat, when the tragic episode occurred. The day was squally, and from the shore it could be seen that they were having a rough time in handling their boat.

Suddenly a heavy squall struck the vessel, which heeled over at once, and the men were cast into the raging sea. Help was soon at hand, but efforts at rescue proved unavailing, the three men being drowned.

Only the body of Finlay M'Intyre has as yet been recovered.

MYSTERIOUS DUNDEE FATALITY.

Man Found Unconscious in Elevator Cage.

Dundee, Saturday.

A fatal accident, the cause of which is at present a mystery, occurred to-day in South Ward Mills. While some of the employees were working at the third floor they noticed that the elevator was not running, and had been standing for some time between the third and fourth floors.

On investigation being made the attendant, Andrew Wishart (44), 13 King's Road, Dundee, was found in an unconscious condition on the floor of the cage. He was bleeding from the mouth and nose. An ambulance was summoned, but the unfortunate man died on reaching the infirmary.

Strangely enough it was Wishart's first day at the work alone. The police found nothing out of place except a barrow lying at the foot of the shaft.

BURNBANK AND BONNYBRIDGE MEDALLISTS.

Pte. W. BROWNLIE.

Cpl. JOHN M'CALLUM.

Private W. Brownlie, Scottish Rifles, who has been awarded the Military Medal, comes of a military stock. He has been soldiering since the outbreak of war, has been twice wounded, and is again on active service. His parents reside at 17 Whitehill Road, Burnbank, Hamilton.

Corporal John M'Callum, Royal West Kents, has been awarded a bar to his military medal. He hails from Bonnybridge, and has been for two and a half years in the fighting line. Prior to enlisting he was employed as a miner with the Banknock Coal Company, Limited.

TEACHERS AND THE WAGES QUESTION.

Arbroath, Saturday Night.

Mr H. Gaul, B.A., Saltcoats, vice-president of the Educational Institute of Scotland, addressed a meeting of the Arbroath branch of the institute this afternoon on the question of union.

Referring to the salaries question, he said this was not a time to dispute about principles which were not essential, but to take what they had got and make the best of it. The present scheme of the Educational Department was not fixed for all time, and it was not perfect, but he rather thought that teachers would be convinced that by accepting it they would be in a considerably better position.

Montrose, Saturday.

Addressing the Brechin Local Association of the Educational Institute of Scotland in Montrose this afternoon, Mr John Strong contended that there would have to be a change in the financing of the teachers' salaries. It was for them to be made an Imperial charge. There must be instituted a compulsory national scale. In no other way could trouble be averted. At the present moment the Government had the power to assist a body of public servants who deserved well of the nation.

WINNERS AT FALKIRK BIRD SHOW.

Falkirk, Saturday.

The annual show under the auspices of Falkirk, Grangemouth, and Bannockburn Combined Cage Bird Society was held at Falkirk to-day. The principal results were:—Norwich Plainheads—Cup and medal, John Prentice, Mar Street, Alloa. Crests and Crest Breeds—Cup and medal, A. R. Hume, Ellenslea, Dunblane. Border Fancies—Cup and medal, William Ritchie, Bannockburn. British Birds—Cup and medal, Walter Robertson, Falkirk. Scotch Fancies—Medal, Alexander Rigby, Oswald Street, Falkirk. Mules or Hybrids—Medal, Walter Robertson, Falkirk. Foreign Birds—Medal, Peter Arnott, Grant Street, Alloa.

"EXEMPTS" MUST BECOME VOLUNTEERS.

ARBROATH TRIBUNAL CRITICISES OFFICER.

Arbroath, Saturday Night.

Arbroath District Tribunal this afternoon had before them a letter from the Director of Recruiting, Westminster, in reply to their communication drawing attention to the unsatisfactory system at present ruling in Forfarshire and elsewhere in Scotland in regard to attendance at volunteers drill. The letter stated it was considered desirable that men who were of the physical standard required, and whose occupations were such as to afford them the time necessary to undergo a course of training, should become efficient and useful volunteers. Action, the Director stated, was being taken to bring the matter to the notice of National Service representatives at other Tribunals.

Mr W. C. Moyes, military representative, stated the term of exemption from military service granted to a considerable number of these men terminated on 28th curt., and he would oppose very strongly the renewal of exemption to any of those men who did not enrol their names in the Volunteer Force.

Attention was drawn to the fact that postcards had been sent to men by the local commanding officer intimating that unless they enrolled their exemptions from military service would be cancelled. The officer's action in using such a threat was severely criticised, as it was pointed out that it was for the Tribunal to decide who were to be exempted from volunteer drill.

WEST LOTHIAN MINER'S EXEMPTION.

Novel Case Before Mining Tribunal.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

A sitting of the Mining Tribunal for the East and West of Scotland was held in Edinburgh to-day, when a number of interesting cases were dealt with. Mr Walker, H.M. Inspector of Mines, presided; Provost Brown, Dalkeith, represented the miners; and Mr Hood, the mine-owners.

A case affecting the West Lothian miners to a great extent was that in which a man appealing for exemption from military service had been a coal miner from boyhood. He was working in a mine in the Lothians in which the workmen had been badged under the Munitions Act, wrongly, as the Inspector of Mines said. The mistake had been found out and the matter rectified, the usual miners' certificates being given. In the interval this man had left and gone to work in a shale mine, still in his badge. On his returning to the coal mines he had been called up, and had no exemption certificate. He now claimed exemption as a miner.

Provost Brown and Mr Hood contended that the man was a miner and must be classed as such; but the military representative would not agree to the exemption, holding that he had no certificate.

The Chairman said that according to the regulations the Tribunal could not grant the man exemption, but he strongly advised the man to get an appeal on the matter forwarded to the Coal Controller and the Secretary for Scotland.

BELLSHILL "POLES" AND THE PEACE QUESTION.

Men Who Want to Join the Russian Army.

Airdrie, Saturday.

Cases which raise the question of the present relations of this country with Russia—that is to say, whether that country is still one of our Allies or wanting peace-at-any-price—were brought before Hon. Sheriff Rankine by the Lanarkshire military authorities.

Three Russian subjects working in the mines at Bellshill were summoned for failing to report for military service at the Hamilton Recruiting Depot. Two of them, who were represented by an agent, pleaded not guilty, stating that they were Russians and would only join the Russian Army, not the British.

It was pointed out that they had not availed themselves of the opportunity of going to Russia with the others, and were consequently liable for service in the British Army. Their cases were continued for a week on bail of £5 each.

Thought He Was Unfit.

The third Russian pleaded guilty to the charge of failing to report for military service. He said, however, that he had a sore leg, and was unable to go to the one army or the other.

The military officer said he had been medically examined and passed.

Accused, through the interpretes, said his leg was sore again. (Laughter.)

The Sheriff fined him 40s, and ordered him to await a military escort for Hamilton.

ROTHESAY SHOPKEEPERS

To Find Work of National Importance.

The position of the local shopkeepers of military age formed the principal business at a meeting of the Local Tribunal, when the Military Representative appealed for review of their exemptions.

In the cases of Alexander Lauder, restaurateur; P. M Mowat, clothier; Archibald M'Millan, hairdresser; T. M. Clay, newsagent, and Archibald Hunter, upholsterer, exemptions were continued with the proviso that the men find employment of national importance.

The cases of George G. Hill and William Meldrum, chemists, were continued pending a meeting of the Insurance Committee to decide how many chemists were necessary in Rothesay.

The Marchioness of Ailsa yesterday opened the annual sale of work of the Ayr St Leonard's Church Women's Guild.

LATEST NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

At Clydebank bird show yesterday Mr P. M'Neil, Dumbarton, took first prize for the best bird.

The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton have made a donation of £500 to the Hamilton Special War Relief Fund.

Mr James C. Welsh, the miner poet of Douglas Water, has been appointed as Labour candidate for South Lanark.

The amount available for prizes out of sale of Glasgow Tramways War Comforts tickets for week ending 22d November is £245.

Mr J. F. Cowper, clerk to Tranent Tribunal and also to the War Savings Association, has been appointed private secretary to Sir Michael Nairn, Bart., Kirkcaldy.

It has been arranged that the pupils attending the Kilsyth Academy will to-morrow receive a holiday to mark the occasion of their savings having reached the £1000 mark.

A meeting of the British Women's Temperance Association, held at Alyth yesterday, resolved to send a resolution to the Government, deploring the refusal to grant prohibition.

The Burgh of Dumbarton Food Control Committee have fixed the maximum prices for the retail sale of milk as follows:—Per gallon, 2s 4d; quart, 7d; pint, 3½d; half-pint, 2d; gill, 1d.

Mr and Mrs David Graham, 2 Random Street, Alexandria, have received intimation that their son, Shoeing-Smith William Graham, was killed on 15th November in France by a bomb.

News reached Hamilton yesterday that Captain J. L. Henderson, Border Regiment, has been severely wounded in action. He was a solicitor on the legal staff of Honorary Sheriff Stodart, Hamilton.

At a fancy dress parade at Bonhill yesterday, in aid of funds for Christmas parcels to local soldiers, prizes were awarded to—1 Miss Peggy Gardner (Highland Costume), 2 Robert M'Callum (Kaiser).

For stealing twelve quart bottles of whisky from a waggon at Dalmeny Goods Station, a young man named William Stead, was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment at Linlithgow Sheriff Court yesterday.

While a fire was raging in an adjoining building early yesterday morning, the members of the Roman Catholic Church in Arthurstone Terrace, Dundee, continued their service without interruption or the slightest panic.

Sergeant-Major T. Johnston, Cameron Highlanders, who is a native of Prestonpans, and formerly a miner, has gained the D.C.M. for bravery and good work in the field. He was awarded the Military Medal a few months ago.

A sale of work on behalf of Coatdyke Congregational Church debt extinction fund was reopened yesterday by Mrs M'Gregor, Ardeville. Rev. John Edmonton, the minister, announced that the drawings on the first day amounted to £267.

Mr and Mrs Walter Gault, 46a Napierston Terrace, Jamestown, have received official intimation that their son, Private James Gault, Black Watch, was killed in action in Palestine on 6th November. Deceased was well known in football circles.

The workmen in the employment of Grangemouth Town Council, who recently made an application for an increase of 5s per week on their wages, have accepted 3s per week, which makes the total rate per week 41s, and for scavengers 37s per week.

To-day the Right Reverend Bishop Gray Graham will dedicate the recently erected pulpit in St Mary's Catholic Church, Bathgate. This is Bishop Graham's first public function since his recent appointment. The pulpit was designed and executed by Mr William Vickers, sculptor, Glasgow.

LANARKSHIRE RAILWAYMAN'S RISE.

From Telegraph Boy to District Inspector.

Hamilton, Saturday.

It was learned to-day in railway circles in the Hamilton district that Mr John Russell, who has been district inspector for the northern section of the Caledonian Railway, with headquarters at Aberdeen, has been promoted to the district inspectorship at the important centre of Mossend, Lanarkshire.

Mr Russell is a native of Mossend, and entered the railway service as a telegraph boy. He has passed through the various grades of the service, and has held successive appointments as district inspector at Dundee and Aberdeen.

His brother, Mr William Russell, is at present inspector for the Glasgow Central, Low Level, and Dumbartonshire lines. The new district inspector at Mossend is to be succeeded at Aberdeen by Mr John Rankine.

FROM CABIN BOY TO SHIPOWNER.

Berwick, Saturday.

Mr Samuel Gradon, Berwick's oldest freeman, whose death is announced, had reached the great age of ninety-five.

At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to the smack King William IV., trading between Berwick and London.

Following his apprenticeship he sailed with numerous vessels all over the world. He was in the frozen north at the cod fishing, and in Australia when the gold rush was at its height. He had many trying experiences, including being adrift in an open boat.

Latterly he acquired a ship of his own for the coastal trading.

COMMENCES TO-DAY—An Intensely Human Document of Adventures in Flanders.

SECOND-LIEUT. BILLIE IMPETT & HIS ORDERLY

THEIR FIRST EXPLOITS WITH "THE STICKERS."

By CAPTAIN EUSTACE AINSWORTH.

THIS week we commence one of the latest and most realistic narratives of the war yet published. The author of "Second-Lieutenant Billie Impett and His Orderly," which appears serially and exclusively in "The Post Sunday Special," writes from personal experience of many of the most thrilling exploits that have occurred on the Western front. There is nothing imaginary, the narrative is real from start to finish, and whilst there is much that is dramatic the author has recorded with most entertaining results the lighter side of life in the trenches.

I SUPPOSE no young officer ever went out to France with more misgivings than Second-Lieutenant W. R. Impett, R.E. Not misgivings connected with his personal safety, but born of that constitutional modesty that experience and age often deepen When he got his cap at school he hardly liked to wear it, feeling sure that it was a mistake, and when at the age of twenty-three the firm of civil engineers for whom he worked raised his salary quite unexpectedly Billie began to think that he must be one of those lucky people to whom good things just happen. That he deserved promotion or reward seemed so very unlikely, life generally being spent in avoiding serious blunders.

At first it was intended that he should go into the Gunners, where his mother imagined she had some influence through a Colonel cousin who was in the Territorial Force Reserve, but a call coming for young officers with engineering qualifications, Billie found himself eventually after a very tearful farewell and a vile journey reporting to a quite strange collection of officers who sat round a kitchen table in France and formed apparently the brains and machinery of the Nth Field Company R.E., known through all the elder divisions of the B.E.F. as the "Stickers.' How the name had been earned might be inferred from the rather drawn look on the faces of the remaining officers and the number of ribbons carried by the rank and file.

After a week the Major said one night to Captain Hoyle, "What do you make of Impett?"

"He's all right. Major, knows his job."

"Yes, of course, but what is he like up the line? Got any guts?"

Hoyle sucked an old pipe and stared across at his chief.

"Difficult to say," he answered. "He hasn't been out alone yet. I believe he's all right. I'll try him."

Night Operations.

As for Billie himself, he often wondered why he was always the butt of the mess, and came in the end to the conclusion that he must be soft. He had moments of introspection when he took stock of himself, and said, "Well, you can't make a Sapper officer out of a civil engineer in six months," and other moments, equally futile, when he compared himself with Jevons and Edwards, and Deane, with the comfortable verdict that he was just as good a subaltern as they were

The Major, of course, belonged to another world, rode off every morning to see a mysterious thing called "Brigade," lunched with the C.R.E., and spoke well, if condescendingly, of the Divisional Commander. Billie didn't expect much in that quarter, and Captain Hoyle, if less distant, seemed only to be the funnel through which all disagreeable orders and criticisms came, so Billie was just a wee but unhappy. He had been "nicely" brought up, loved his mother, and wore flannel next the skin

Two nights later the Major was not in mess, dining with the G.O.C. Billie suspected, and Captain Hoyle took charge in the double capacity of senior officer and mess president. Billie liked Hoyle, in spite of a way he sometimes had of "ticking off" subalterns in general, and Billie in particular, because Hoyle had once spent half an hour talking "home" under what Billie thought was a terrible bombardment, and that had calmed Billie's fluttering nerves.

"You are going out alone with No. 4 Section to-night to Longueval, aren't you, Impett?" he asked kindly

Billie said, "Yes, sir," and rather wished people would not talk to him. It seemed so fatally easy for Jevons to misunderstand or turn to ridicule everything he said.

"You were there last night, Jevons," Hoyle went on. "What is it like?"

"Rotten, sir" Jevons answered, looking at Billie with a smile. "Machine gun on the flank. They say the Hun has been registering on it to-day, so God help No. 4 Section about 3 a.m."

Hoyle frowned. "How do you know that?" he asked.

"The Sergeant-Major says so, sir."

"Sergeant-Major be d——. I don't believe it is in view. Anyway, you did not have such a bad time last night, only two casualties." Then he glanced at Billie, caught his eye, and said, "I'm going there myself to-night, but it will be late." Billie for the life of him couldn't help smiling back, and before he realised what had happened was deep in a conversation with Hoyle, taken up at the very spot where he had left off that ghastly night when he had first felt afraid, and he remembered later that Jevons and the others were left out of the talk.

The Surprise of the Sergeant-Major.

Consequently he got into his kit with the beginnings of assurance, opened the breech of his revolver, and "ticked off" his batman for not seeing that it was loaded. That did him good. Then he went out with his section, asked the Sergeant-Major why one of the men had only one gas-helmet with him, refused the excuse, and told that great man when he, Billie, came on parade he expected to find things in order; as it was, he supposed he would have to inspect things himself, &c., till the time came to move off, leaving a very surprised N.C.O. staring after the section as it disappeared in the dark

"Well, I'm d——!" said the Sergeant-Major aloud. "They always wake up sooner or later, but they don't generally begin with me!"

"No. 4 Section gone, Sergeant-Major?"

"Yes, sir, just at this moment."

"All correct?"

"Yes, sir. That is, one man was short of a gas helmet, but Mr Impett spotted it."

"Whose fault was that?" Hoyle asked quickly.

"Well, sir, Mr Impett said it was mine, sir." Hoyle noticed the aggrieved tone, and whistled quietly.

"Said it was yours, did he? And what do you think about it, Sergeant-Major?"

"Well, sir, if I may say so, I think there is the makings of a fine officer in Mr Impett, sir."

"Yes," Hoyle said slowly, "I am inclined to agree with you. I shall want my horses at midnight."

Billie could hardly believe his memory. If anyone had told him that he and Captain Hoyle would monopolise the conversation at mess, that Jevons would be sat upon, openly and beyond doubt, that he, Billie, would then proceed to "tick off" the Sergeant-Major, he could only have believed it on the supposition that he had been drunk. But Billie didn't drink; he didn't gamble either, and sometimes in his queer moments he had put down his troubles to these two facts. You see, he had been "nicely brought up."

Negotiating Difficulties.

"What's the matter now?" asked Billie as some infantry in front halted for the twentieth time.

"Blocked sir," came back out of the dark, "say it will be half an hour before we can get on."

Billie looked at his watch, and swore, then in his new-born confidence swung round to his sergeant. "Come on to the top with me," he said, "and let's see if we can go overland."

So they climbed out of the trench, and stood there, two long figures in the dark.

"Nothing the matter with this," said Billie. "Pull the section out," and out they came. Five hundred yards over the open they picked their way round shell holes, keeping touch with the trench as guide, till the block was passed and they could drop back out of fire and plod towards Longueval; half an hour saved, one casualty, and a lovely feeling of pride that made Billie friends with all the world. At that moment he was not at all sure that you could not make a Sapper officer out of a civil engineer in six months. Then a shell hit the side of the trench, and when Billie had picked himself up and got the dirt out of his eyes he found that he had lost his sergeant.

His first feeling was the horror of a thing quite so sudden, and he sat down on a box of ammunition that someone had left at the side of the trench just clear of the "duck board." Then mercifully he remembered Hoyle, and jumped to his feet. Supposing he was there, suppose he had come earlier than he intended! He had thought of that when he had taken the section "overland" and stayed out last man himself till all were safely back in the trench, and he had wished that Hoyle could see him. Anyhow, Hoyle was coming, so Billie stepped out, and said, "Lead on."

He had no working party that night—that is, the Sappers were to do the work themselves, a small "strongpoint" to be built out in the open and finished before dawn. Thanks to his efforts, he got there on time; that was worth a lot, and very soon the white chalk of Picardy was flying up, and Billie walked about wondering when Captain Hoyle would come In the first hour three men were hit, and Billie wished the sergeant was there. He was rather a capable man. Then, as the first excitement wore off he got bored, and strolled out to a flank. After all, it was very ordinary, and he fell to thinking how Jevons had exaggerated the affair. Then he sat down, and against the sky-line saw a little lump of something that seemed close at hand. Billie hated being puzzled, so he went and put his hand on a German helmet that rested on a wooden cross.

The Stolen Helmet.

"Good Lord," he said, "it's a grave!"

A little yelp sounded across the field, and someone said, 'He's got it." Then the word "Stretcher" came along, and Billie walked back to his section.

"Who is it?" he asked mechanically.

"Sapper Taylor, sir," someone answered. "Shot through the head."

"No need for a stretcher," Billie heard himself say. "Carry on."

It was horribly lonely. One o'clock in the morning with stray bullets flicking about round the grave, and the liability of a man to make noises when he was hit; and his mother at home and one thing and another.

At half-past one the task was finished, and Billie set the men on "blinding" the chalk. It would take at least half an hour to pluck enough long grass to cover it up so that it would not show in daylight.

A corporal reported all in order, and Billie told him to fall the men in. Packs had to be collected, picks and shovels gathered up, and so on, and something drew Billie away to that German grave. He knew just where it was, and, walking in the dark, stumped his foot against the base of the cross. And then it was that he noticed someone had taken the helmet. He made sure that it had not fallen off, and after a couple of minutes thinking walked back to his men in a rage.

Between him and the section a whiz-bang burst, and lit up the world for an instant, followed by another twenty yards short. Rotten thing to be knocked out right at the end of the job, Billie thought, and then the helmet came back to his mind, and he called the men to attention.

"Someone has taken a German helmet from a cross just over there," he said, "and I don't like that kind of thing. Fall out in front the man who has the helmet."

Now, that helmet was a perfect specimen; the night was very dark and whoever had it probably argued that if he didn't have it someone else would, so that Hoyle, who had come quietly up behind, whistled softly as no one of the section moved. Little things like that, wee bits of collective and quite silent insubordination, are at all times the most difficult problems to deal with.

The Prize of the Section.

Billie, he thought, could do one of three things—give it up and blackguard the section, tell them that they would all be put on fatigue next day, or go round and examine each man, none of which would be in any way satisfactory. The helmet had ceased to be important. What really mattered was that an order had been disobeyed.

Then another shell burst a few yards to a flank, and Billie said quietly, "Very well. I don't want to know who took it, but the section will move off when the helmet is put back on the cross."

Captain Hoyle touched him on the arm, and said, "Good man!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," Billie began.

"Don't do anything of the sort, sonny," he heard. "I've been here for half an hour."

A lovely feeling stole over Billie, and after a minute or two he said, "Let's go and see if it's there." It was there, rocking a little in the wind, and Billie said, "Move to the right in file, right turn!"

Just before he went to bed, after talking to Hoyle for an hour on all the subjects on earth that he knew anything about, Billie said, "Come in" to someone outside his dugout, and his senior corporal stepped blinking into the light with a helmet in his hand.

Billie flushed red; rank insubordination, and before Hoyle too!

"I beg your pardon, sir," the corporal said, "but the section would be pleased if you would accept this helmet. We know officers can't accept presents, but perhaps Captain Hoyle will allow it under the circumstances. You see, sir, this is the section's helmet, what we got when our brigades took the front line on the first, and if you don't mind, sir, we would like you to have it, as it is your section."

Billie looked at his Captain, and Hoyle nodded.

"Certainly. I think it is a very good idea. It is a section helmet. Must be held by the section commander. Quite in order."

"Thank you," Billie stammered. "I will always keep it." So the corporal said goodnight, saluted, and slipped out into the growing dawn, whilst Hoyle, looking quietly at Billie, guessed he could safely guarantee the possession of what the Major called "guts"

AN O.P. IN FLANDERS.

Once upon a time, as shown in many an old coloured print, the Royal Field Artillery, known as the R.F.A., and called the Gunners, planted themselves in the open, within, say, five hundred yards of the enemy, stood rigidly to attention round their gun, and deliberately strafed the oncoming troops with round-shot, langridge, chain, and grape, looking over the sights as any fellow firing his musketry course at a target

Then as ranges lengthened so that even quite low ridges cut off a direct view of the enemy, it became necessary to have someone on that ridge who could tell the batteries what to do. This man is known as the Forward Observation Officer, or, in contracted form, the F.O.O.

The cover varies, but where ruins are a standing feature of the landscape, as they are in Belgium, they are apt to make excellent O.P.'s, which means Observation Posts.

Therefore when a battery major asked the ——Field Company, R.E., to provide him with one or two more O.P.s, Billie soon found himself on an archæological expedition.

"If I were you, Impett," Captain Hoyle said, "I would go to Dead Cow Farm, where the gunners have an O.P. already, and have a talk with their F.O.O. Then get across to Hell Blast ruins and see what sort of a view you get. Of course, it means going in daylight, but if you are careful I think you can manage it all right. Go late in the afternoon, and then if you are spotted you can lie doggo and won't have long to wait till it is dark"

A Dangerous Position.

Therefore, with Sapper Stevens as orderly, he set out light-heartedly that afternoon for Dead Cow Farm. The way was easy, and Billie came to the conclusion that the dangers of daylight were much exaggerated.

The F.O.O. welcomed Billie openly. It was a lonely spot, and Billie, like a sensible boy, explained that he did not know much about O.P.s, and wanted information.

"Come into the loft," the gunner said. "I can show you all there is in it that you need to know in ten minutes."

Billie climbed up, and, lying on some very dirty straw, put his eye to a telescope that stuck out through a small hole in the gable end of the building. There, seemingly about a hundred yards away, was the Hun line, and Billie was surprised to see how rough it was and how badly traced. It was no better than the British, he thought to himself, and felt cheerier for the thought.

"Well, what do you want to do?" the F.O.O. asked Billie. "Come down below where we can smoke."

Billie explained. "I don't think you can get to Hell Blast ruins by day," the other said. "It is bang in view, you are only a short even hundred yards from the Hun line, and the cover is very poor."

Billie thanked him, took a cigarette, and set out carefully along the hedge.

Within Range of the Snipers.

"Stevens," he said to his orderly, "I have seen the German line through a telescope, and it is as bad as ours, or worse." He was hugely elated.

Sapper Stevens said, "Yes, sir." He did not understand Billie's enthusiasm. He worked in a shipbuilding yard at Birkenhead, and, as far as his experience went, everything in this life was the inevitable result of something else. That being so, he failed to see why conditions should vary greatly within a hundred and fifty yards, and it had never struck him that the Germans were doing, or could do, anything with the Flanders mud and weather that could not be done by ordinary people like himself. But then, of course, he was only a sapper.

Presently the hedge came to an end, and Billie stepped out in a straight line for Hell Blast ruins. He was glad that, being daylight, he could smoke. After a while a bullet sang past, and Billie said to himself, "An 'over from the front line." Ten yards further on another cut so close across his face that he dropped to the ground, after which he crawled on hands and knees with a certain respect for some one who could evidently handle a rifle In the next two hundred yards bullets came over about once a minute, mostly behind him, and he began to wonder whether he was going too fast for his orderly, and turned round. Then an explanation of the continued sniping was plain, for there stood Sapper Stevens, his rifle slung across his back, and a far-away look in his face, as he paced slowly across Flanders.

"Get down, you d—— fool," Billie blurted out. "Have you no sense? No wonder we are being sniped."

Sapper Stevens let himself gently on to the ground. "Beg your pardon, sir," he said. "But you didn't give me no orders, and you see, sir, you don't 'ave to clean your own clothes."

Billie had turned right round, and their faces were not a yard apart. "I'm sorry I swore at you, Stevens," he said uncomfortably. "I must have been a bit rattled."

Sapper Stevens went distinctly red. He did not remember being apologised to before, and consequently did not know what he ought to say, so he asked—"Is that the place there, sir?" and Billie said "Yes."

Stevens Falls.

Then they crawled on till a hedge offered shelter, got on to their feet, and walked quickly towards the ruins. Unfortunately, there was a gap in the hedge, and their friend the sniper was laying for them, so that as they carelessly came into view once more Sapper Stevens collapsed on a heap of broken bricks.

Billie turned and bent over him, heard another bullet sing past his head, and laid down. "Where are you hit?" he asked miserably, but for five minutes the orderly was silent. Then he spoke, but not to Billie. Sapper Stevens was in Birkenhead. What he said does not matter, and in any case is sacred, but Billie, many months after, spent two days of a very short leave in England, journeying north to see old Mrs Stevens, who lived near the gates of Cammell-Lairds, and kept her son's photograph in the place of honour on the mantelpiece.

Billie satisfied himself that the matter had been taken out of his hands, remembered what he had been sent to do, and went into the ruins alone. He had seen lots of men killed, and had taken it all as the "fortune of war," but he could not help wishing that Sapper Stevens had not mistaken him for his mother. It left a bitter feeling, and for half an hour Billie climbed and probbed those ruins till he found an almost natural O.P. that gave a splendid view of the Hun line. With two nights' work, he thought, it could be made perfect, and vicious thoughts came into Billie's head of the damage that could be done with this and one or two more similar O.P.s strung along the ridge. Somehow he felt vindictive.

Then while he watched through his glasses a puff of smoke showed up behind the German line as a high-explosive shell burst in the open about ten yards to the left of some newly-turned earth. Then another about five yards to the right, one just on the edge of the work, whatever it was, and then one plump in the middle. "Got him," Billie said to himself, "that's good observing." Three more shells dropped and burst on the same spot, planks, posts, and sandbags flew into the air, and out from the southern side came innumerable ants till Billie recognised them as men running for their lives. Then over the crowd broke those graceful, expanding puffs of smoke—one, two, three, four, as quickly as a man could count, and Billie said "Shrapnel!" Many of the running ants stopped, some ran on, followed by the same graceful little clouds, till Billie saw two men at last reach a trench and disappear.

A Sad Letter.

Then the Hun, who hates anything quite so neat and effective as that, opened on the British front line by way of retaliation, and the battery that Billie had been in touch with a short hour ago replied with high explosive that burst in and on the German front line all along on which it had been registered was with its F.O.O.

Billie had sufficient experience work to know that in a snipers are least dangerous, the broken walls, along the stopped at Sapper Stevens.

"Bad luck, Stevens," he are not going alone." Then to get the identity disc and man's pockets. "Wonder meet again. Queer propo tered. There was a half cigarettes, among other wondered if he should had none of his own, and pondering on the ethics of one in his mouth and turned away and crawled Cow Farm. There he found F.O.O. far too busy shouting to the telephonist, his telescope, to pay him any set off for home.

The Major was out, so was and the other subalterns, work, asleep in bed, so Billie was reduced to go paulin shelter, dignified orderly room, to talk to the

"Sapper Stevens is kill "You had better put it in return."

"Stevens, Stevens," the muttered; running his finger "1021 Sapper Stevens, J., Got his disc? Thank you, sir mother, 69 Bolton Road, Methodist."

"These are the things out Billie said, tumbling a small and ends on to the table. take the letters myself. you said?"

The Sergeant-Major looked under his eyebrows, and a kind shyly over his face. "If with the case, sir, I might never gave any trouble to not a crime against him in was one of the most willing

Billie thanked him, lit Stevens' cigarettes, and went There he sat down to write struggled painfully for half it up as hopeless, and began "Dear Mother, Please Stevens——"

"Hullo, Impett," Hoyle he strolled in and sat on the served Billie for a bed. "quite on. Writing home again?"

Billie said "Yes," and turned paper.

"All right, don't let me interrupt my love to England, and when quite finished let me have your report

NEXT WEEK.

"869" Sapper Bellis a stirring dent describing the timely capture of German spies masquerading as soldiers.

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GERMAN "BOSS" IN BIG GLASGOW FIRM

ASTOUNDING CASE OF HERR GEORG NEUHAUS

WHOSE EMPLOYERS SEND SUPPLIES TO OUR ALLIES.

With the hearty co-operation of many of our readers, "The Post Sunday Special" investigations go on apace, and the more the enemy alien problem is probed the more astounding become the revelations. This week we publish full details of the case of Herr Georg Neuhaus, of Glasgow.

Scotland Yard men have raided the London premises of Theodora Wilson Wilson, whose pernicious pamphlets, as circulated in Motherwell Sunday school, were exposed in "The Post" last week.

But what are our Scottish authorities doing? In the light of the disclosurs already made in these columns, it is up to them to take vigorous action against potential enemy agents and all sorts of mischief-mongers in our midst no matter what positions they occupy.

We thank our readers for their continued co-operation, and shall be glad to have further information relating to anti-British activities in whatever guise they may present themselves and also copies of Pacifist or Pro-German leaflets.

It has been the subject of not a little comment among the public that at the present time there is employed by a well-known Glasgow firm engaged in exporting supplies to our Allies a full-blooded German of military age.

That German is Herr Georg Neuhaus, who is employed as a departmental head in the firm of Messrs Leisler, Bock, & Co., chemical exporters, whose offices are at 55 West Regent Street, Glasgow.

This firm will perhaps be better known to our readers through its close association with the Rottenburg family. All Glasgow knows or has heard of the Rottenburgs. There are three members of the firm, the two senior members being of German birth. They are both naturalised, having been in this country for many years. The other member of the firm was born in this country.

It may be recalled that at the time of the Lusitania crime in May, 1915, Dr Paul Rottenburg was one of the promoters of a movement on behalf of the naturalised Germans of Glasgow and district expressive of their indignation and horror at the sinking of the Lusitania and of the barbarous methods of warfare pursued by the Germans.

The firm is perhaps one of the greatest of its kind in the world. Leisler, Bock, & Co. (or Rottenburg) are chemical export agents. And the firm's ramifications are world-wide. They have branches in every continent and country, and prior to the war they carried on a most extensive trade with Germany, where they had established branches of their business.

Certainly Herr Georg Neuhaus, who came over from Germany as a youth of 20, found his lot cast in pleasant places, and in the course of time rose to a position of importance in Messrs Leisler, Bock, & Co. Up to the present he has given twenty-five years' service to this firm, and as he was born in 1892 he is just about 45 years of age.

INTERNED SHORTLY AFTER WAR BROKE OUT.

By remaining in this country since the outbreak of war Herr Neuhaus has thus escaped active service with the German militarism. While our men of 41, with many financial and family responsibilities, have been called up by the thousand, this German of military age has not only had the luck to escape campaigning, but is at the present moment employed at a big salary in an office in West Regent Street, basking in the enjoyment of even greater luxuries than those possessed by the average at the moment.

Shortly after the outbreak of war Herr Georg Neuhaus was put behind barbed wire in an internment camp, but, strange to say, he was scarcely a fortnight in captivity when he was released and permitted to resume his duties in the West Regent Street office. Why?

It was deemed advisable that Herr Neuhaus should be removed and put in an internment camp in September of 1914, what were the circumstances in Herr Neuhaus' case that caused the authorties so suddenly to change their minds and allow him to be employed in his present capacity? Why is he allowed the freedom as he now enjoys be a British subject in Germany? Why has not any sympathy towards Germany he should have instantly welcomed the opportunity to state so plainly and forwardly, but it will be observed in the interview, which is reproduced in the next column, he declined to answer questions bearing on the point.

NEUHAUS INTERVIEWED.

The alien enemy in our midst and "Post Sunday Special," in all its investigations has endeavoured to be scrupulously fair and in seeking out Herr Neuhaus has followed our usual custom of finding him in his snug bachelor quarters at 3 Great Western Quadrant. This is a somewhat select locality off Great Western Road, and it is evident from the comfort with which Herr Neuhaus is surrounded that he must be in the enjoyment of a fairly respectable income.

When our representative was ushered into Neuhaus' cosy parlour he found that gentleman enjoying a cup of coffee and a cigarette. He jumped up from the deep armchair in which he had been seated, and after a searching glance at his visitor seemed at once to realise—like all the other aliens who have thus been bearded in their dens!—the nature of our representative's errand.

Herr Neuhaus, who is a young-looking man, of medium height, fair complexion, with slight, fair moustache and dark hair, nattily parted in the middle, gave our representative a gracious if not a cordial welcome.

The "Post" man lost no time in explaining his mission.

"We have been informed, Mr Neuhaus, that you are an unnaturalised German of military age, in consequence of which there is considerable talk in Glasgow, as perhaps you are aware?"

"Oh, well," he replied, puffing his cigarette the while, "people will talk. But I am not of military age."

"Under the German law you would be liable for service, as the military age there extends to 45, and at the time the war broke out you would be about 42?"

REFUSED TO DISCUSS MATTERS.

Neuhaus at this point began to walk up and down in front of the fire, then, stopping, and leaning his hands on the table, he said quietly—

"Now, then, I am not going to discuss these matters with you at all. If you want to know anything about me I ask you to go to my firm, and they will tell you what they know of me."

But our representative was not to be brushed aside in this manner, and put the pointed question.

"What about your sympathies in the war? As a German it is surely impossible for you to desire to see your Fatherland defeated?"

Herr Neuhaus shrugged his shoulders. "I tell you," he said, "that I cannot answer such questions. Go to my employers," he reiterated. "They know about me."

"But surely, Mr Neuhaus," our representative expostulated, "surely it is not possible that your employers are cognisant of all your private views and opinions—that they know your inmost thoughts?"

The inscrutable smile again hovered over Herr Neuhaus' countenance.

"Have you any relatives at present fighting in the German army?"

"No."

"You were interned shortly after the outbreak of war?"

"I decline to answer."

"Look here, Mr Neuhaus," said our representative, "I suppose you can quite well understand how indignant people in Glasgow naturally are at a German of military age being allowed to remain here in comfort while British subjects have to give up their all and to go and fight your countrymen. Would a British subject be treated in Germany as you are here."

SURPRISED AT WHAT POLICE KNEW.

"As to what is happening in Germany, I know nothing," Neuhaus replied. "But," he added, "why don't people leave me alone? I have been twenty-five years with my employers here. I am not interfering with anyone, but I am simply doing my work."

"When did you last visit Germany?"

But again Herr Neuhaus declined to answer.

"I have already said I will answer no questions about myself," he remarked, taking his stand in front of the fire and throwing into the embers the remainder of his cigarette. "You can go to the police for any information. In fact, I have been surprised at all they know about me," he added with a laugh.

"Ah, yes, our police are pretty wide awake," commented our representative, and thereafter took farewell of Herr Neuhaus, who was as smilingly polite and imperturbable at the end of the interview as at the beginning.

MOTHERWELL PAMPHLETS.

LONDON OFFICES RAIDED BY POLICE.

Interview With Theodora Wilson Wilson.

Theodora Wilson Wilson, whose dangerous Pacifist pamphlets, "The New Crusader" and "The Explorer," were exposed in "The Post Sunday Special" last week, has had her premises raided by detectives of New Scotland Yard. These officers descended upon the Wilson Wilson offices at 39 Doughty Street, London, W.C., and also visited her private flat at 10 Churston Mansions, Gray's Inn Road, carrying away with them drawerfuls of papers for examination.

To find out what manner of woman this champion of the so-called "Christian Peace Crusade" really is, a "Post" representative called upon Theodora Wilson Wilson at her offices in Doughty Street. These offices consist of two rooms on the top floor of a house a few doors away from the house in which lived Charles Dickens, the novelist.

A tall woman of middle age, wearing rimless pince-nez, Miss Wilson Wilson apologised for the bareness of the room, and said, "The police have been here and taken everything away."

Miss Wilson consented to be interviewed after I had informed her that the distribution of her pamphlets to children attending Manse Road U.F. Church, Motherwell, had been resented.

"What are your views regarding the war?" I asked.

SOME CANDID ADMISSIONS.

"I believe war is wrong, and that it will never come to an end through fighting. It can only come through the outstretched hand."

"Do you mean that you would shake hands with the German people, who have devastated Belgium and Serbia, who have done all these terrible things to the women and children of those countries? Is Germany not to get the punishment she deserves after all this bloodshed?"

Miss Wilson's reply came quickly—"If we all get what we deserve I don't know where we would be."

"But, Miss Wilson, you cannot surely evade the point, which is that Germany has done things which no Christians could close their eyes to. What is your attitude regarding Germany's crimes?"

"I deplore all that has happened in Belgium, but—that evil has happened.

"And surely Germany must be punished for it?"

Miss Wilson thought for a moment.

"You cannot get evil out of anyone by giving them a good hiding."

"What would you do then, Miss Wilson?"

"First of all inculcate the doctrine of Christ, and then get total disarmament."

WHERE DOES THE MONEY COME FROM?

"Who is responsible for the distribution of your paper among Sunday school children in Motherwell?"

Miss Wilson Wilson replied that she supposed somebody had bought the paper and given it to the children.

"You are the owner of the paper?"

"Yes."

"And you finance it?"

"I am responsible for the paper as editor and publisher."

"But do you finance it, Miss Wilson? People are anxious to know."

"Oh, yes, I know. They want to know if we are getting the money from Germany."

"Do you mind telling me where the money comes from?"

"That is a personal matter. The police have taken away all my books. There is nothing to hide."

"And will you tell me if you have ever been in Germany?"

"I resided in Germany twenty years ago, when I was studying music. I taught in the Sunday schools there."

Miss Wilson Wilson added that she was in Glasgow at last meeting of the British Women's Peace Crusade, and had addressed meetings at street corners and elsewhere. She claimed to have addressed 5000 Glasgow people on one occasion.

Our £500 Reward.

As already announced, "The Post Sunday Special" offers £500 reward for definite information that will lead to the conviction in a Court of Justice of any person or persons acting as paid agents of any enemy Power, and as such engaged in any illegal act or conspiracy in this country against the interests of the realm. All information must be communicated confidentially in the first instance to the Editor of "The Post Sunday Special." The Reward will be paid immediately the first conviction is secured under the conditions described. The Editor reserves to himself the right of determining any point arising in connection with the Reward, and all information must be communicated on the understanding that his decision will be final. No Government, secret service, or police official is eligible for this Reward.

CRUEL SLANDERS ON OUR SOLDIERS.

EXPOSURE OF SCANDALOUS PAMPHLET PUBLISHED IN GLASGOW.

MORE PACIFIST POISON GAS.

Among the documents brought to our notice this week is a sixteen-page pamphlet, which devotes a good deal of space to the alleged martyrdom of the conscientious objector, and in doing so does not hesitate to refer in most scurrilous terms to our warrior heroes who fight and endure that we may live.

"The Word of the Cross" is the title of this pharisaical publication, and in a secondary line the fulsome announcement is made that it is "A Simple Message to the Children of God."

It would appear that the editor of the pamphlet is Hunter Beattie, 25 Monteith Row, Glasgow. At least he requests that all communications re "The Word of the Cross" be addressed to him, and adjacent to his name is the intimation that No. 6 of "The Word of the Cross"—the pamphlet now before us—is issued to Christians only, and that "free grants will be given to those who can place them in the hands of God's people. The Lord alone is looked to for all necessary expenses, and the paper will be continued so long as He maintains it. If it is His will, 'The Word of the Cross' may be issued more frequently, and will contain in every issue the message for the moment as the Lord may give it."

On another page appears the intimation that "30,000 copies of No. 6 have been printed," and if these figures are correct it will be realised that this propaganda has assumed large proportions, and that the expenses to be met must be considerable.

THE ONLY "SAINTS."

And what kind of stuff is this that is being so widely distributed among the homes of a nation fighting for its existence against the greatest power for evil that has ever darkened the world?

According to this pamphlet, the only "saints" on earth are those who refuse to fight for the protection of the land of their birth and for the safety of the helpless women and children of their race—not to mention civilisation and all the high ideals that right-thinking men hold dear. And, as if that were not enough, it is insinuated that Scotland's gallant sons in the fighting line are sinners and murderers.

Texts galore are quoted to prove the beauties of the theory of non-resistance. But the writer's peculiar type of brain seems incapable of grasping the fact that but for the splendid resistance of our matchless warriors some lovely German ere now would have knocked him deader than a door nail, and more than likely have done a similar service for his unfortunate kith and kin.

So that our readers may judge for themselves of the obnoxious bunkum which appears under the title of "The Word of the Cross,' we will make a few quotations, though we forbear to repeat any more than we can help of the sanctimonious phrases with which the whole pamphlet is interlarded.

Referring to munition workers, we find the following:—"Addressing a large gathering of munition workers lately, a public speaker, in commendation of their labours, called them a Battalion of Death, a description which is certainly true and doubtless pleasing to his hearers. What a contrast between this and God's description of His saints! . . . To whom do you belong, my sister—Christ or Satan? And in which company do you stand—in the Battalion of Life or the Battalion of Death."

What would have been the fate of these slanderers had not these patriotic women bravely volunteered to endure the hardships of munition-making? And yet these ungrateful people have the impudence to turn round and denounce them as daughters of the Evil One and doomed to perdition. Truly we are a long-suffering race!

Immediately following this gentle paragraph about our women is another which contains this gem of thought:—"In British prisons are lying some of God's choicest saints because of their loyalty to Christ. Satan's time is becoming short. . . . Laws are being framed in all countries that will compel the saints either to join in with the world or leave the country. This will discover the real and expose the false."

Oh, those saints! On their nice, soft iron beds in gaol, whilst the men whose fighting preserves the miserable lives of those same martyred saints are up to the neck in muck over in Flanders, and could be doing with a few iron beds as a protection against the shells and bullets of the sweetly dispositioned Hun!

REMOVING "ROLLS OF HONOUR."

"The Word of the Cross" also abuses and ridicules what it terms "Rolls of Honour." Listen to this reference:—"These (the Rolls of Honour) have been set up at the doors of some assemblies of saints who claim to be gathered out of the world to the name of Christ. . . . A beloved brother writes:—'One effect of the teaching is the gradual disappearance of the Roll of Honour from the walls of our meeting halls—ours for one—while a Scripture text takes its place.' This is as it should be—the things of men displaced by the Word of God."

All that we care to say in connection with this particular point is that men who are whole-heartedly doing their work at the front would be mighty angry to learn that their names were appended on the walls of such "meeting halls." Rolls of Honour are entitled to worthy company.

It rather shocks us to learn that we are a nation of idolators. But Hunter Beattie's paper says so. It certainly looks as though this stupid old earth is in a bad way, and evidently the only possible chance the reprobate has of recovering is to take the medicine provided by Hunter Beattie and his lamb-like flock of intellectual and moral giants.

Two and a half pages of "The Word of the Cross" are devoted to a bitter attack on Mr Holden, the editor of The Christian, who has had the audacity to point out that it is the duty of every Christian to do his best on behalf of victory for the Allied cause, and has asserted that Christ never preached a doctrine of cowardly and spineless non-resistance to evil.

Poor Mr Holden! What a fate has befallen him! He is commended to the prayers of that modest body of men—the only saints!

SLANDERING OUR FIGHTING MEN.

Then we are treated to what are designated "Some Interesting Letters," and they are interesting with a vengeance. The names of the writers of these epistles are thoughtfully omitted, and this omission is certainly wise in the case of the individual who concludes with the phrase, 'Your brother in the Lord."

In the opening paragraph of his communication he explains that prior to the war he was a local preacher, and that he followed the bad advice of a friend and joined the army as a private in a pioneer battalion. He hoped he might be able to do good at the front—not as a fighter but as a preacher for "men in the presence of death would be more susceptible to religion than people at home."

"Was I successful in my endeavours?" he writes. "I was not." And we are not surprised.

And then he proceeds in the most dastardly fashion to vilify our brave fighting men at the front—we refuse to give publicity to his words—and winds up with the remark:—"Of course, all these fellows act like saints when the chaplain is about.

The letters include an oleaginous wail "From the Prisoner of the Lord," said prisoner's address being given as the Guard-Room, Hamilton Barracks.

But we have quoted sufficient to give some idea of the pernicious character of the stuff that is being served up in these pamphlets published in the name of religion.

It is revolting in its slander of good men and good women. It reeks of rabid disloyalty to the great cause for which millions of the flower of our manhood are fighting, and for which countless thousands have died bravely on the field of battle.

WHO ARE THE SUBSCRIBERS?

We cannot conclude, however, without noting the fact that No. 6 of "The Word of The Cross" contains a list of sums received for the dependants of the "suffering ones," and we give the list without comment:—

Mr and Mrs C., Newton-on-Ayr,	£2	0	0
G. D., Busby,	0	10	0
Mr and Mrs P., Galston,	1	0	0
Mr and Mrs G., Coalburn,	1	0	0
R. I., Stranraer,	1	0	0
I. E. W., Leicester,	1	0	0
W. G. H., Gilmerton,	0	5	0
T. H. R., Berwick,	0	1	6
A Sister, Listernan,	0	10	0
T. W., jun., Strathaven,	0	10	0
For His Name's Sake, Elmerick,	2	0	0
Assembly, Nairn,	2	10	0
A Brother, Wakefield,	0	6	0
A Friend, Rotherham,	0	5	0
Two Sisters, Listernan,	0	12	0
For His Name's Sake, Limerick,	3	0	0
F. F. A., New York,	0	12	0
W. G. H., Gilmerton,	0	5	0
Mrs C., Kilmarnr,	1	0	0
Saints in Massachusetts,	6	5	6
K. W. T., Redondo, Cal.,	0	12	0
Two Brethren, Hebron Hall, Glasgow,	0	15	0
Mrs L., Mossend,	1	0	0
G. D., Busby,	0	10	0
J. M. G., Coalburn,	1	0	0
J. W., Toronto,	2	1	8
F. T. S., Kansas City,	1	0	6
Sisters, Listernan,	0	10	0
W. S.,	1	0	0
Mr K., Uddington,	0	10	0
J. A., Coalburn,	0	10	0
East End Assembly, Toronto, Can.,	23	12	5
K. S., Wakefield,	0	1	6
Mrs D., Leeds,	0	2	6
For His Name's Sake, Limerick,	3	0	0
Do. do.	3	0	0
S. B., Marshill,	0	3	6
	£64	7	1

A list is also given of sums received for the free distribution of "The Word of the Cross," the total amounting to £14 0s 6d.

Is it not astounding that in these days of national stress, and while Sir Douglas Haig and his gallant warriors are driving back the brutal foe, such mischief mongers, sheltering under the protection of these fighting men, should be allowed with impunity to spread broadcast these canting and calumnious pamphlets?

Equally amazing is the fact that this pamphlet bears the printer's imprint of such a reputable firm as Aird & Coghill, Ltd., of Glasgow.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

THE NEXT GENERAL ELECTION.

MR LLOYD GEORGE'S "DECOY" TACTICS.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

I UNDERSTAND that a view has been expressed in a very high quarter that it is the duty of the Government to expedite, as far as possible, the next general election.

The opinion is one which the Cabinet cannot ignore, but it is difficult to see how Ministers can act upon it for several months to come.

The marked disinclination of the great majority of members of the House of Commons to submit themselves to the country shows that they appreciate that they have outlived their mandate, and expect when the dissolution comes to get short shrift from many of their constituents.

Mr Lloyd George and the Offensive.

The Radical friends of Mr Lloyd George, at the National Liberal Club, are now explaining that the much criticised Paris speech was really part of the camouflage resorted to by the British High Command to hide their designs from the Germans, and that, while the enemy were being led to believe from the pessimistic tone of the speech, that all British efforts on the Western front were at a standstill, the new offensive was being prepared.

This view, curiously enough, is shared by officers and men back from the front, and officers in close touch with headquarters are openly referring to the Paris utterance as the "offensive" speech, because this encouragement of false hopes in the German breast was part and parcel of Haig's offensive.

The wounded from the Cambrai battle are arriving in London now, and they are unusually optimistic regarding the future. They say that the enemy have been badly beaten, and are not likely to gain back any of the ground lost by them.

Another point they mention is that during his last visit to France, Mr Lloyd George made a personal tour of the Cambrai region, and moved among the men even then being massed for the attack, which was rehearsed almost daily, until all destined to take part were part perfect. It was this visit that convinced the men that the expected offensive was at last at hand.

Railwaymen's Wages.

In the railway world the position is undoubtedly difficult by reason of the rejection of the companies' offer of five shillings per week increase, but the responsible leaders of the men and the general managers are hopeful of a satisfactory arrangement being reached in the course of the negotiations, which are to be resumed next week.

The leaders recommended acceptance of the offer to the conference which concluded its sittings at Leicester to-day, but the influence of men like Mr J. H. Thomas, M.P., did not prove strong enough to overcome the opposition to compromise.

The union negotiators will now inform the companies that nothing short of ten shillings per week advance will satisfy the men. Already three separate advances of five shillings weekly have been given, making fifteen shillings in all, or nearly double pay for many men of the lower grades on the Scottish railways. If the extra ten shillings is conceded it will mean twenty-five shillings additional, and will bring the minimum wage on the railways up to forty-four shillings per week for adult, with about seventy shillings minimum for drivers.

The companies are not expected to agree to the ten shillings increase except under pressure, and will probably offer seven shillings and sixpence, with corresponding increase in overtime rates. Both sides are anxious to avoid arbitration proceedings, and will come to terms if possible. Only the noisy pacifists in the union are talking of a strike to enforce their full demand of an additional twenty shillings per week.

The Labour Party and Dundee.

The Labour Party are in a quandary over the future representation of Dundee in view of the recommendation of the Boundary Commissioners that it should be split into separate constituencies. They are anxious not to select for contest the division chosen by Mr Churchill, and, so far as is known at present, the choice of the Liberals is in favour of the division in which the Labour Party is strongest.

Some of the local Labour men are in favour of fighting the added area, which includes Perth, but the leaders are averse to any enterprise likely to disturb relations with the local Radicals.

The whole matter has now been remitted to the National Advisory Council of the Labour Party for Scotland, with instructions to consider the question in relation to other districts.

The Why and the Wherefore Quickly!

The result of the inquiries, as promised by Mr Macpherson in the House of Commons, regarding a German in naval uniform breakfasting in a restaurant car on the Midland Railway, is awaited with great interest.

The matter came to the notice of the House when in a printed question Sir Norton Griffiths asked: Why was the German in naval officer's uniform travelling last Monday by the 9.25 a.m. train from Kegworth, Midland Railway, who ordered breakfast in a first-class restaurant car, whom a silver-badged Englishman had to serve; whether this man was on parole or under escort; and, if the latter, was allowed so much freedom?

And it is to be hoped that the why and wherefore will be known quickly!

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST JELLICOE.

DANGERS OF PERSISTENT SNARLING—POINTED QUESTION FOR CABINET.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

HOW much longer are these attacks on Sir John Jellicoe going to be suffered? The malignant campaign against the person of the First Sea Lord is getting more than a nuisance, more than a scandal, is becoming almost a positive danger.

During the past fortnight the Premier, Sir Eric Geddes, Sir Edward Carson, and other men of eminence have publicly denounced the gross unfairness of these attacks on an eminent officer, who cannot defend himself. In the House of Commons, Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux flatly said that the navy was getting uneasy about this persistent snapping and snarling at Sir John Jellicoe. "The attacks are cruel, cowardly, and contemptible." So they are. Why are they not stopped?

There is no need to indicate the quarter from which this odious onslaught is directed. Its source is a matter of common knowledge. This week Sir Edward Carson gave stinging castigation to the detractors of the First Sea Lord. On the next day, one of the anti-Jellicoe organs came out with a leading article. It was no whit abashed, but sought to justify itself. And to the navy that justification will appear as the most ludicrous attempt ever made to bolster up a bad case. But to the public, the defence made may seem plausible, because it attempts to talk above their heads by referring to "a second Mahan."

What is the defence made for these defamatory diatribes against Sir John Jellicoe? Reference is made to two articles, published in October, by Admiral W. H. Henderson and Professor Spencer Wilkinson. Admiral Henderson, it is remarked, in all seriousness "has been called 'a second Mahan.'" It is a most distasteful task to disparage an officer who has given his services to his country, but the frank opinion on this estimation of Admiral Henderson can only be summed up in one word—balderdash! It is extremely doubtful if Admiral Henderson himself has any liking for being described as 'a second Mahan.'

Who Is This "Second Mahan?"

Compare the two cases. The late Admiral A. T. Mahan was an American naval officer. After years of patient study and thought he produced his famous work, "The Influence of Sea Power in History." It made him immediately famous throughout the world. His book demonstrated the enormous power exerted by the British Navy in all historical wars, a point previously overlooked by historians. "The Influence of Sea Power on History" is more than an epic, it is the gospel of sea power, has never been refuted, and is studied by every naval officer in the world, the German Navy not excepted.

Admiral Mahan also wrote many other books, his "Life of Nelson" being particularly distinguished. Whatever country he visited he was received with marked esteem and honour. Now, who is Admiral W. H. Henderson, the assumed "second Mahan?" Has he ever written any book comparable to those of the famous American thinker? So far as can be traced, Admiral Henderson has not a single book of any sort on any naval subject at all. His sole excursions into print appear to have only been in the form of attacks on Sir John Jellicoe.

For nearly twenty years past Admiral Henderson, the critic of Sir John Jellicoe and the "second Mahan," has held no command afloat, and has never had any fleet at sea committed to his care. He has been on the retired list nearly ten years, and left the service before the full development of submarine and mine warfare, which plays so important a part in modern sea operations. If he is one of "the ablest thinkers on naval strategy," he must have hidden his light under a bushel, for Admiral Henderson, as a rival to Mahan, has never been heard of in our Navy!

So much for "the second Mahan!" As for Professor Spencer Wilkinson, he is a writer whose opinion is entitled to respect. Had he been described as the "second Mahan," a more plausible case could have been made out. Professor Wilkinson's fame chiefly rests on the articles he wrote about twenty years ago demanding a Naval War Staff. To-day we have what he asked for, but his prescience of the defects in our higher naval command has won him distinction. He pleads that our naval strategists should not be distracted by administrative work, and should be kept unencumbered by any form of routine duties. We are working in the required direction, and have got so far as to divide the Admiralty into strategy and supply sections, linked together by an amended Board of Admiralty. If it is urged that Sir John Jellicoe, an administrator, is trying an amateur hand at naval strategy, and should be put in his proper place, it is not worth while answering so ridiculous a perversion.

Most peculiar attempts are made at distinctions in these attacks on the Admiralty. It is argued that the navy at sea is not attacked at all, because it has done its work excellently. The justification for carping at the Admiralty given is that the Admiralty is a separate and distinct organisation from the fleet at sea. Mere eye-wash, and soothing-syrup for the conscience! The Admiralty and the navy are one service and indivisible, one part cannot be contemned without attacking the other.

Unsafe and Unfair Criticism.

Most of the criticism arises from assumptions about the battle of Jutland. Now, there one must do plain-speaking. It must be clearly and distinctly understood that the whole truth about the battle of Jutland *has not been told, and will not be told, until the war is over.* Let every emphasis be put on this point, so that it will be remembered. It may be asked, "What about those despatches by Sir John Jellicoe and Sir David Beatty? Are not those accounts sure ground for basing criticism on?" To this the reply is—The published despatches *are not the full and complete account of the fight.* From the most cursory examination, it is evident that they must be one of two things. Either they are the briefest outline of the engagement, specially written for publication, or they are, after heavy censorship, the barest remnants of a long, highly-detailed, and full account by the admirals concerned in the action.

The impression must not be gained that the published Jutland despatches were a fake. Few despatches can be published in war time complete and without alteration. In the case of naval warfare, where secrecy must be followed, an admiral's description of his tactical methods must often be abbreviated and rendered vague in any account for public information. Naval officers use concise and precise language in their despatches, but in the Jutland ones, as published, there are gaps and vague allusions noticeable everywhere. The public clamoured for despatches, and despatches they got—of a kind!

At Jutland we used special ships, special methods, and special weapons. As the Germans know to their cost, one of our most daring and staggering blows was delivered long after the battle fleets had finished their fighting. How it was done, the Germans would give many thousand pounds to know. We can use those methods again — if the enemy does not know how they are delivered or how to counter them. By publishing the full Jutland despatches, we will present the enemy with all the details he wants most urgently, for one penny, the price of a British newspaper. Such things cannot be told. It would be striking the right hand off the Grand Fleet to gratify the pettiest of curiosity.

Criticism of any officer's conduct in the Battle of Jutland, based on published accounts, is most unsafe, and highly unfair, because it can only be founded on bowdlerised despatches and the maddest medley of muddle rumours. When the war ends, and the *full* truth is told, then criticise, if you like to. But when everything is revealed, I doubt if a single voice will be lifted against Sir John Jellicoe or any of the officers concerned in that battle.

Mean and Petty.

If the Admiralty is attacked, why not leave Sir John Jellicoe and the War Staff alone, and assault another part of the Administration which does merit the severest of public scrubbings? A Service contemporary points out that our lower deck is most grievously disappointed and dissatisfied about its recent treatment by the Admiralty. Concessions were made a few weeks ago, in the form of the abolition of hospital stoppages, free kit, and full payment of pensions. For these benefits our men were grateful, not because they were regarded as any kind of "war bonus," but because they removed old and legitimate grievances, contrary to common honesty and fair dealing.

Now, in the meanest and pettiest of spirits, the Admiralty has announced that these concessions have been made for the duration of the war only. When the war ends, our seamen will revert to the old and stingy form of treatment under which they have suffered for so many years. They feel sick about this double-faced policy of giving with one hand and taking away with the other, and they have every right to do so.

Some months ago I visited a place on the coast, and was told by some Coastguards that no pay had been received by them for months past. How they were living, heaven knows! Possibly on the charity of neighbours. In the House of Commons, Dr Macnamara, it is alleged, appears to have gone out of his way to insult our seamen. He is Financial Secretary of the Admiralty, and the Parliamentary head of a department that deserves the most thorough public castigation. Our seamen are simply disgusted with the way they have been treated. The officers are likewise disgusted at the mean attacks made on Sir John Jellicoe. Dissatisfied as the service afloat may be, it is not going to indulge in mutinies or wild pogroms like the German Navy. It is going to carry on and wait for the end of the war. Then all things and everyone may be called to account, and just settlement made.

Naval Unity and the U Boats.

The principal subject of these notes last week was the necessity for "unity of control," not only on the military side of the war, but for the sea campaigns. From Mr Lloyd George's speech, it now appears that the point has not been overlooked. The Supreme War Council is to embody a naval element, but in what shape is obscure. We are not going to have any Generalissimo in supreme command of the British, French and Italian Armies, therefore we are not going to have an Admiralissimo as an "opposite number." Nor are we going to have a compounded command by a Board of Admirals placed in charge of the naval war.

The idea of the Cunarder Aquitania, manned by admirals and gold-laced staffs, rushing from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, would make the Navy laugh. It would resemble the army of a Central American Republic—an establishment of fifty-nine generals and one private. What we may have is a kind of Naval Council for the purpose of co-relating strategy in the areas of naval warfare, so as to harmonise the efforts of the Allied fleets and produce unity of attack. One wonders who will be the British Admiral on the Allied Naval Council. Perhaps herculean efforts will be made to stellenbosch Sir John Jellicoe into the billet.

Five U boats sunk in one day's hunting is a cheering fact to learn from our Premier, but it must have been a lucky Saturday for our U-boat destroyers. If we swatted five German submarines every day we would pile up a bag of 1825 U boats per annum! Since the Huns only have 200 submarines at a maximum, we would obliterate the pirates completely in forty days! Would that it were so! I am afraid that forty, eighty, and a hundred days hence we shall still be getting the weekly bills of shipping losses from our Admiralty.

If German submarines are getting so well dealt with, why this sudden necessity for rations on a reduced scale? people ask. The only explanation to offer is this—The recent Italian losses have been so grave, American troops must be brought to Europe as soon as they can, and in advance of the date fixed before the Italian debacle. Therefore, a sudden and urgent demand has arisen for tonnage to transport the U.S. men. The United States intends to put into service thirteen million tons of shipping, inclusive of Austro-German vessels seized and those requisitioned. The output of mercantile tonnage is to be made equal to that from British yards. But the important qualification is that these ends cannot be attained until the finish of next year.

News has come to hand that the German Admiralty has decided to extend the U-boat warfare to the Azores, and to close the "permitted channel in the Mediterranean" to Greece. The "brutal British dominion of violence," the crocodile's tears for the poor neutrals, and all the explanations given are the kind of pompous and canting flub-dub we have been offered by the Berlin Admiralty before. The Azores ports have several times been previously shelled by U boats, so the "extension" to be brought into force hereafter, according to Berlin, is absolute fudge.

HUNS ANGRY AT U BOAT FIASCO.

A "CANDID FRIEND" FROM KIEL.

(Specially Contributed.)

THAT the German public are uneasy regarding the long-continued postponement of the trumpeted triumph of the U boats is apparent from a perusal of every German newspaper which reaches this country.

For example, the Frankfurter Zeitung remarks:—"Questions regarding the prospects of our U-boat campaign are becoming more numerous than ever. Recently their tone is becoming more urgent, and even threatening. Public impatience is clearly evidenced and culminated in the words, 'When will we have conquered England?'

"Throughout the whole of Germany the success of our U boats is being followed with breathless interest. Hindenburg said on the 2d of July, 'The war is won for us if we can withstand the enemy onslaught till our U boats have done their work. At no far-distant time our enemies will be forced to make peace.' Our confidence in Hindenburg is unshaken, so we are looking forward to the time when our U boats will have done their work. Yet it is natural that our thoughts are turned longingly towards a definite time of victory, and that we grow tired of the continued variation of the question—How long will the tonnage of Great Britain make it possible for her to continue the war?"

It is quite evident that the high hopes of the Huns that Britain would be brought to her knees through starvation by the beginning of this winter are sadly disappointed. Public discontent runs high, and there are many disillusioned, like Dr Harms, of Kiel, who see through Hindenburg's bluff, and are attempting to warn the nation that they have been deceived.

Candid but Uncomfortable.

"It is a fact," says Dr Harms, of Kiel University, "that the food question in Britain will not become acute before January, 1918. Our everyday phrase that Britain is to be starved out must not be taken too literally. It would be more to the point if we pinned our hopes to the fact that Britain's shortage of tonnage and the drowning of her merchant crews may influence her to take a more favourable view of our peace. Naturally this can only happen presupposing that no cure is found for the U-boat campaign. Britain will be more likely to make peace because she sees that it is impossible to utterly defeat Germany than that she will to be coerced into submission by a famine in the land. She will see her great merchant fleet menaced on every hand, and, in spite of the trumps she still holds, she will realise that the war 'does not pay.'"

Hungary Hungry Herself.

Latest papers from Vienna state that the supplies of food in the capital have run so low during the last few days that new rules of food restrictions have been issued. Austria's last resort lay in receiving supplies from Hungary, but Hungary has decidedly declined Austria's proposal that she should subsidise her food supply. Great anxiety prevails among the population of Vienna.

Contravening Food Rations.

The difficulty of living within the law in Hunland just now may be seen at a glance by the statistics of covictions against people who contravened the food rations. During the last year, from October, 1916, to October, 1917, there have been 189,800 sentences pronounced in Prussia alone. "It is to be feared," says the Berliner Tageblatt, "that the crime-sheet for this year will show a decided increase owing to the renewed food restrictions."

CAMPAIGN AGAINST JELLICOE—Con.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

A Pointed Query.

If it is madness to talk of an attack on the Flanders coast from the sea, why does Sir Eric Geddes tell us why it is not?—Saturday Review.

The Imperial Huckster.

The Kaiser's peace terms are, though undefined. He wants to obtain by hook or crook, but, in the will take what he can get.—Seattle

Diminishing Dangers.

The High Sea Fleet is still a factor so far as the material is but from the moral point of view probably much less dangerous now in 1914.—Naval and Military

Steady!

If the nation will accept Sir son's motto of "Steady," and inform the Government that it only to be steady itself, but to ness from the Government, all —Spectator.

Man-Power and Ireland.

We warn the Prime Minister country will not tolerate any which attempts to take more England, Scotland, and Wales same time exacting the proper quota from Ireland.—Outlook.

Who Are the Traitors?

Every one of us has a brother, father, or a husband, or a cousin the nation's battles. If we are waste, or if we use selfishly might be invested in War Bonds are traitors to our men in the The Daily Express.

A Pleasing Thought.

It is a pleasing thought for "Western" that the military Haig and Robertson should have in the hour when the political relegated it to a side-show of the outshone by the glorious Salonika and Laibach—The Nation.

Victory Beyond Anticipation.

Had General Byng disposed of armoured cars to pour through similar to the fleet of tanks it looks as if he might have slept that night. To say this is not to lack of proper foresight to the manders and their staffs.—New

History's Great Lesson.

So long as the control of the sea dispute, we shall do well to relax and spare no precaution. For if the perience of history teaches teaches that England stands according as she wins or loses the command of the sea.—The Morning

Another German Prophecy.

Declaration of a member of the General Staff that the fighting value of American troops is not great augurs German experts passed similar comment the British Army back in the early the war. And now look what it is the Kaiser's "invincible troops."—Arkansas Gazette.

Pacifist and Prussianist.

To-day a pacifist must be avowedly Prussianist. That money-changer must only be ready to sell his dove, but to it for a German eagle, pluming itself fresh triumphs. If he means, as he mean, that slavery and surrender degrade a people, he can gain peace slavery and surrender.—New Witness.

Canada's Coming General Election.

The probability is that Sir Borden will have a substantial If that is the result, immediate ment of the Canadian troops will be assured, and Quebec of the Province follow the advice French-Canadian Premier, Sir Gouin—will accept the verdict and active opposition to conscription.—Times.

The Butter Difficulty.

It is very observable these gone how starved we be for butter, coming home this night. I must come from the stores, and show in a paper paquet; which is the grocer has none to sell, and Hopkins to buy a lb. where she will not serve her, not knowing will sell no more than 1 oz. mercy upon us all!—Sam Pepys' Truth.

TELLING THE TALE.

I met a man with a face mil
Shaking in his shoes.
Said I, "Whatever on earth is
Said he, "I've had terrible
The British Fleet lies down
At the bottom of the deep!"
For a certain official who
Told a friend, whose friend

A chap came running up one
And shoved his fist in mine
"Hip, hip, hip!" he cried,
Haig is across the Rhine
The German Army's in full
The Kaiser's up a tree!
For a woman whose son was
Told my wife, and my wife

I sat beside a knowing bird
One morning in the train.
He whispered gravely, "Have
The Irish are up again!
They've crowned a new King
I believe it's—well, wait and
At the cross roads there's been
So a friend on the 'phone

And so the merry tongues will
And so the stories fly,
And so our scares originate,
And rumours multiply.
Should we use a pinch of salt
We are told on the strict QT
For "salt cards" Rhondda
So a man in the trade told
Edinburgh.

GERMANS UNDONE IF CAMBRAI FALLS.

BYNG'S ARMY STILL ADVANCING —THE MENACE TO VENICE.

By GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

The aspect of the war has undergone another lightning change as the result of Sir Douglas Haig's brilliant victory over the Germans in front of Cambrai.

After artillery preparation, and relying on the tanks to destroy the network of wire entanglements on which the Germans depend for the defence of the Hindenburg Line, the British troops at a single bound have gone forward to within a penny throw of Cambrai itself.

Some people were not wholly unprepared for this new thrust, but the majority were almost as much surprised as the Germans at the sudden awakening of activity in a new quarter. It is evident from the accounts official and unofficial, which have come through that the tanks played a very conspicuous part in the victory. They went through not by the score, but by the hundred, rolling up the wire entanglements before them. But for this it would not have been possible to dispense with the usual artillery preparation, and the element of surprise would have been lost.

It is too early to estimate the consequences which will follow from the great success that has been won. The first thought of everyone when the news reached us was of the assistance the victory would afford to the hard-pressed Italians in their gallant effort to save Venice. Help them it assuredly will, for unless Von Hindenburg is able to restore the situation this latest British blow will prove one of the decisive battles of the war.

It is not surprising in the circumstances that people should already be discussing the possibility of another great German retreat. No one can foresee the end of the struggle. The Germans are hurrying reinforcements from all directions, and Von Hindenburg has magnificent railway communications behind him to facilitate their rapid transport to the threatened point. The fear is that this advantage may enable him to retrieve the position, and avoid the general retreat in the West, which otherwise he would be forced to undertake.

If Cambrai Falls.

If Cambrai were to fall and we were able to smash through the last reserve positions of the enemy, General Byng would turn the flank of the enemy's lines both to the north and to the south. From the German point of view, therefore, it is vital to patch up the broken line. Unless they can do so it is conceivably possible that the enemy might be compelled to uncover the whole of Northern France.

The latest official reports to hand show that we are still going forward. At one point the village of Fontaine, only two miles from Cambrai, was in our hands but it had to be evacuated owing to the marked salient which it made in our line, and owing to the fact that it was commanded by the guns on the dominating high ground about Bullecourt Wood. This high ground has now been captured, whilst further west we are in possession of an important spur giving observation over the Hindenburg line both to the north and west. In the neighbourhood of Bullecourt also ground has been gained thus widening the front on which we are attacking.

In the meantime Sir Douglas Haig himself has reported the capture of over eight thousand prisoners. One authority puts the number as high as ten thousand. Since the commencement of operations on Tuesday, over one hundred guns have been taken including several heavy guns of up to 8-inch.

Results of "A Bad Start."

It is necessary to turn to the less cheerful aspect of the war situation. Sir William Robertson sapiently observed some time ago, in commenting on the general war outlook, that the Allies had "made a bad start." It is a wise saying, and some of the consequences of that bad start we are watching in the present stage of the operations, which war has been in progress for more than three years.

Sir William Robertson had in mind when he used these words was that on nearly all the various fronts the enemy were able to penetrate far beyond their own lines and establish themselves on strong defensive lines, relieving them of all immediate anxiety about the invasion of their own territories. In the result Germany has been able to take risks, and to undertake operations on which she might have hesitated to embark if the Western battle front, for instance, had run along the line of her own frontier instead of running, as it does, deep into the heart of the richest provinces of France. Other considerations apart, the successes she has won in the war through the utter unpreparedness of the Allies have given her an advantage in food and in the material for war without which she might have found it impossible to put up the long fight which she has actually sustained. Undoubtedly, advantages similar to those she has won in Belgium and France three years ago she is now in a fair way to securing in the Italian arena of the war.

The advance into the Venetian plain will relieved of the pressing anxiety which must have felt about the safety of her capital and homes. It is probably true to say that the great victory Mackensen has gained over our Italian Ally far exceeds the utmost expectations that were entertained in Berlin and in Vienna.

The belief is that the offensive when it was planned did not aim at anything more ambitious than the pushing back of General Cadorna over the River Isonzo. But the Second Italian Army crumpled and broke, and Mackensen was swift to turn the unexpected opportunity to account.

The Struggle for Venice.

German peace propaganda and intrigue have done for Italy what Austrian arms could never have accomplished, and, instead of being content with recovering the line of the Isonzo, Mackensen has snatched at the possibility of seizing the Venitian Plain and securing the capitulation of Venice itself.

There is a disposition in some quarters to speak of Venice as though its fall would constitute for the Allies nothing more than a rather ugly moral blow. But far more than sentiment is bound up in the struggle that is being waged for the possession of the city. Venice is important to our Ally as a base of naval activity in the Adriatic, and it is the blindest folly to talk as though its loss would carry no material advantage to the enemy.

Even to-day, little more than four weeks after the commencement of Mackensen's drive against the Isonzo, it is difficult to say with certainty who was responsible for the disaster that has happened in Italy. Nor is recrimination about the past of very much use unless it enables us to avoid the repetition of such errors in the future. General Cadorna seems to have sent forth no appeal for help until the defection of his second army opened his eyes to the perils with which he was faced. Presumably, therefore, he was wholly ignorant of the extent to which units of his army had been seduced from their loyalty by the pernicious gospel of "downing arms" preached to them by enemy agents.

If the Allies had diverted some of their strength from France and Flanders to reinforce General Cadorna's blow against Laibach, the Germans would presumably have accommodated their strategy to the altered circumstances, and would have taken advantage of their interior lines to strike a blow at some other vulnerable point of the Allied front.

The Allies' Strength.

To what extent the reinforcements now being rushed to Italy's assistance will retrieve the worst aspects of the position that has been created the future alone can determine. But the time that has been taken in bringing these reinforcements into action, affords sharp reminder of the advantages the Germans possess in their interior lines. It is an advantage which no amount of co-ordination on the part of the Allies can take from them, and the geographical difficulties which stand in the way of realising the ideal of "the single front" is a thing that must not be forgotten.

Thanks to the chaotic condition in Russia, Germany is probably stronger on the Western front to-day than she has been at any previous period of the war. But three years of strenuous campaigning must have imposed a great strain on her man-power, and great as the Italian losses in men and guns have been, the Allies still have a substantial preponderating advantage over the enemy both in men, in artillery, and in munitions. And that advantage tends to increase with every transport which America sends across the Atlantic.

ESCAPE FROM A GLASGOW ASYLUM.

A SUCCESSFUL CONSPIRACY.

Glasgow, Saturday.

The story of the escape of a patient from the asylum of Glasgow Parish Council for mental cases at Stoneyett has just been made public. The escape was effected in a simple way; indeed, its very simplicity was the reason of its easy and complete success.

Before Sheriff Thomson, in Glasgow Sheriff Court, John Young and Mary Young, Mile End, the stepfather and the mother of Bridget Kavanagh, twenty-eight years of age, the patient in question, were charged with aiding her escape.

The stepmother sent a letter to the matron asking that Bridget might be liberated for the Fair Holidays, 14th to 21st July, and suggesting that this was desirable for health reasons. The matron gave the necessary permission, which involved the understanding by Mrs Young that she would be responsible for her conduct while free, and for her return on the expiry of her leave.

Refused to Give Information.

In the course of evidence by asylum officials, it was explained that the patient was given into the care of a brother, and that when the leave had expired and the Youngs were called on to deliver up Bridget they said she was not in their custody. They knew where she was, but they refused to tell. It was mentioned that she was in Hamilton or Motherwell, and also that she had gone to Ireland to be married.

The Sheriff said he thought that both husband and wife had conspired to secure the liberation of the woman from the institution. His Lordship imposed a fine of forty shillings each, with the alternative of ten days' imprisonment.

The Procurator-Fiscal stated that the Parish Council regarded the case as a very bad one.

"DEAD" HUSBAND COMES HOME.

BELIEVED KILLED IN RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

DRAMATIC REUNION AFTER ELEVEN YEARS.

Duncon, Saturday.

A remarkable story is connected with the reappearance in Dunoon this week of Private Holborn, of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, who left his wife and family of three young children in Dunoon ten years ago, in order to better himself in Canada, but as he had failed to communicate with his people all these years, he was believed to be dead.

Holborn, who was a butcher to trade, had, like many another, struck it unlucky in the Dominions, and, as he had no money to send home for his family's keep, he refrained from writing home. As month succeeded month, and the husband had dropped out of existence, as it were, the wife tried every available means of getting in touch with him by communicating with the police, invoking the aid of the Salvation Army organisation, and even advertising, but all to no purpose.

Some years ago the news came that he had been killed in a railway accident in the Rocky Mountains, and the wife then looked upon herself as a widow, and brought up the young children.

Engulfed in Snowstorm.

It has since transpired that Holborn, while in Canada nine years ago, met with a serious accident, and received succour in the house of a Dunoon woman. Although not quite recovered, he started on a twenty miles' trek over the Rocky Mountains. However, he was not many miles on the way when he was invited at a wayside station to board a train. A snowstorm while going through a gulch engulfed most of the carriages, and, as nothing more was heard of Holborn, it was taken for granted that he had perished with many of the passengers. He had during all these years no communication with any of the people of his native town.

Two years ago he joined the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and has been through all the big battles. Some time ago he received serious abdominal wounds, and was sent to hospital in London, and was given furlough prior to rejoining his regiment.

His reappearance without any previous intimation being made created considerable excitement, and that was a tense moment when, on arriving in town at night from Glasgow, he quietly opened the door of the Holborn residence and presented himself to his family. Husband and wife were thus dramatically reunited.

A Glad Homecoming.

Seen by a "Post" representative to-day, the happy wife said she asked her husband no questions. She was too glad at his return in the most glorious of garbs—khaki—when so many were shirking their duty to kith and country!

Last night Private Holborn returned to the trenches. The eldest son, whom the father has not seen since a young boy, is at present serving his King and country in the navy.

TO DRILL AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

Sergeant John Forbes, of the Royal Scots, has been appointed a special instructor to the American Army. He is the second son of Mr James Forbes, Tulliemet, Ballinluig. In civil life the sergeant was a gardener with the Duke of Buccleuch.

HAMILTON SOLDIER'S PROMOTION.

Son of Popular Miners' Agent.

Hamilton, Saturday.

Apart from the splendid services which Mr John Robertson, miners' agent, Hamilton, has rendered for the successful prosecution of the war—incidentally it may be remarked that he has raised thousands of pounds to supply thick black tobacco for miners and others on service — gratifying news is to hand to-day respecting his eldest son, William.

The latter, who joined the Royal Engineers as a private, and was ultimately transferred to the North Staffordshires, with whom he fought in France, has now been gazetted to the Rifle Brigade, with the rank of second-lieutenant.

While in France, young Robertson had as a chum Private Carmichael, of the North Staffordshires, who has since been awarded the V.C.

A younger member of the Robertson family is serving with the Royal Engineers. Prior to joining up he was on the clerical staff of the Sheriff Clerk Depute at Hamilton.

HIGHLANDERS IN BIG ADVANCE

MISTAKEN FOR GERMANS

A SCOTCH "LOONEY'S" GREAT FEAT.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday.

A soldier of the Gordons, who was one of the first to go up against the village of Flesquires, tells the following graphic story of the great surprise attack by Sir Julian Byng's army.

We moved into the line two days before. The expectation of something big had gone ahead of us, and there was much excitement. We waited anxiously for the heavy gunfire which usually precedes an attack in force, but it never came, and we had just come to the conclusion that we had been hoaxed.

On the night appointed we were warned to be ready at midnight, and we moved out across the rain-soaked ground to a position within striking distance of the village. It was a foggy morning, and we had the greatest difficulty in finding our way. We kept close to the tanks which were waddling solemnly across the ground, and were well within sight of the village before anything happened. Then came a rifle crack, followed by a great blinding glare, and thousands of bullets came whistling out of the darkness ahead. We had been discovered, and the enemy were after us.

Destroying the Barbed Wire Defences.

The two tanks in front pushed on. We could hear shells bursting all around them. We could see the glare as each shell exploded, and by the same aid we could make out the figures of the enemy holding the trenches ahead of us. The Huns counted on their barbed wire, which had not been destroyed by shell-fire, as in former attacks. They lay in their trenches behind the wire, shooting down at our men, and imagining that they were safe from attack. The leading tank shot forward, seemed to come to a halt, and then went slowly on again, grinding down wire, tearing up posts, and firing away at the enemy all the time. Very soon there was a gap in the enemy's wire that was big enough for us, and while the leading tank went exploring along the enemy parapet we went over into the trench.

Everywhere we found evidence of surprise. The enemy would not stand. They streamed off into the village, and in streaming off they came under fire of our tank, which was perched on the parapet ready to pepper anybody who showed up. In a very short time we had occupied the whole of that section of trench.

A Great Surprise for Fritz.

We had just settled down when a funny thing happened. A couple of Germans came along with a message on the assumption that we were Germans. It was from the commander of the adjoining sector to inform us that he was being heavily attacked by the British troops, was almost entirely out of ammunition, and would have to fall back if assistance did not reach him at once. The two chaps who brought the message were a bit taken aback when they found they had blundered into us, but we took care that they did not get away.

We were grateful for the hint, and our men pushed on to give the hard-pressed Germans relief, only it was not the relief they expected. We attacked them in flank, and at the same time we had made dispositions to catch them as they fell back. That did for them. As soon as they were attacked from the quarter to which they had looked for aid they got panicky, and began to fall back.

Behind the line on the outskirts of the village we had posted machine-gun parties, and these opened fire on the Huns as soon as they showed themselves. Panic became worse than ever. Arms were discarded, and equipment also, the Germans seeming only bent on escaping from the terror that threatened them. Our men held them fast, and peppered them right and left.

In the village itself the fight was now developing with great fierceness. The Huns were assailed by other Highland units, and were everywhere giving way, except in the centre of the village, where they had a position of exceptional strength.

This position fell into our hands very shortly after that, and how it did so is one of the best stories of this push.

What the "Looney" Did.

There is a youngster in my company who is regarded as the "saftest of the family." The attack was held up, and all the chaps had taken cover except this "looney," who had got it into his head that it was no part of the Highlander's duty to let any number of Germans stop him. He looked around for something to have a go at, and he saw a machine-gun post just ahead of him. He went for it right away with a couple of bombs, and, to the surprise of everybody, he succeeded in knocking out the garrison, taking possession of the gun and turning it on the enemy occupying the next post.

This madheaded feat turned the scale in our favour, and from that moment it was easy going. Right and left, in front and in rear, the Scotties dashed forward, and the enemy gave way all along the line. Very fierce counter-attacks were delivered, but these were only meant to cover the withdrawal, and by breakfast time the next morning the whole village was in our possession; our men were ready for another push forward towards the German strongholds nearer to Cambrai, and in due course this push was made.

KILSYTH HERO'S MANY WOUNDS.

Kilsyth, Saturday.

Private William Haughie, A. and S.H., who has been brought to hospital at Oxford, writes home to Kilsyth that he doesn't think he will be fit for the army after he is better, because he has six wounds on his left leg alone, two on the thigh, two on the knee, one on the calf, one on the heel, and one on the left arm. A brother of Private Haughie was in the trenches before he was sixteen years of age.

THE BAFFLING MYSTERY

OF GLOOMY HOUSE ON WIMBLEDON COMMON.

WAS CAPTAIN TIGHE MURDERED FOR REVENGE?

(Exclusive Interview with Lady who Slept in Next Room.)

London, Saturday.

Who killed Captain Tighe? The mystery has only been deepened by the evidence given at the inquest yesterday.

Robbery was not the motive of the unknown assassin, who in the dead of night crept into the big house at Wimbledon, went straight to the room of the man he sought, and, having struck him down, went quietly out, closing the door behind him.

Was it revenge that he sought? Must the reason for the crime be sought in Ireland, where Captain Tighe was a big landowner, or in some other country which the dead man had visited?

What happened when Captain Tighe met his assailant face to face? Was there a struggle, or was the murderer able to take his victim completely by surprise?

These are the questions which are baffling the clever detectives engaged in solving the mystery which has so soon succeeded the affair of Regents Square.

A Gloomy House.

"The Post Sunday Special" has been able to clear up one or two points and throw fresh light on the crime by securing an exclusive interview with a lady member of the household, who slept in an adjoining room. This is the story, told in her own words:—

I assure you I cannot believe that the thing has really happened. I was staying down in Southbourne, at Celtic House, with the family, and we all came up together on Thursday, arriving at Winkfield Lodge quite late in the evening. Captain Tighe was a martyr to asthma and bronchitis, but his stay by the sea had benefited him somewhat.

Winkfield Lodge is a large roomy house standing alone in one of the quiet parts of the common, a delightful place, if somewhat gloomy. On these dark nights the approach is particularly lonely and dark, and one felt very shut away from the world. We had scarcely unpacked, and, I can truly say, I hardly knew my way about the house.

The rooms were curiously arrayed, and it was necessary that Captain Tighe should have one of the best rooms, and one well situated on account of his being somewhat of an invalid. Mrs Tighe, for the time being, occupied a room in a wing near by, his daughters were on the same floor, and the room allotted to me was on one side of Captain Tighe's sleeping apartment.

I did wake up in the night, and I was certainly awake some time, but all I heard was what I supposed were the sounds of Captain Tighe's difficult breathing. In a sleepy kind of a way I listened quite intently, and I felt so sorry for him. He was a charming man, delightful to converse with, and was about fifty-five years of age. He had retired from the army some time. He was a great reader, and we had had some most interesting discussions during my short stay.

A Curious Sound.

Did I hear anything of an alarming nature on the night of the murder? No, really. It seemed to me that Captain Tighe was just having one of his bad asthma attacks, and that he was moving restlessly about to try to gain some comfortable position. A little later on I certainly heard some sort of noise like a thud, or something falling, but this did not bother me in the least; in fact, I did not connect this curious sound as being specially in connection with the next room.

When I got up the next morning the house was much as usual. I heard quite casually that Captain Tighe had had an attack. There was the coming and going of the doctor. I breakfasted with the Miss Tighe, and nothing unusual was said. I did not see Mrs Tighe, but that was not at all unusual. It was a very large house, and she often took her breakfast in her own apartments.

Later on I met the doctor, and he asked me whether I had heard Captain Tighe in the night. And he also asked me to tell him exactly what I had heard. This again I did not find at all unusual. I simply concluded that Captain Tighe must be very ill.

Presently I received a message from Mrs Tighe asking me whether I would mind my room being given up to the nurse, and whether I would mind sleeping that night with some friends in town.

Of course I found this quite natural, and hurried away. Only afterwards did I learn any more of the tragedy, because the next day I learnt of my own father's sudden death.

The Maid's Discovery.

The maid, who was the first to enter Captain Tighe's room after the murderous attack, found the poor man lying on the floor near his bed quite unconscious, and in a very bad state. A blood-stained poker was found on the floor, the walls of the room were horribly marked with blood, and the scene which greeted the astonished eye of the servant was dreadful.

Outside the room the house was quite undisturbed. There were no signs of any unusual entry into the house. There was an unfastened window downstairs, but no one could say positively whether this was used by the unknown murderer. There were no footmarks. The beds and grass in the garden were all found quite undisturbed.

The Tighes belonged to a wealthy family who own much property near Kilkenny. They have lived in England since the war.

A Long-Planned Affair.

The detectives are endeavouring to find out if any suspicious persons were seen at Southbourne during the stay of the family there. It is not improbable that they were followed to Wimbledon, and that the murder was a long-planned affair.

Start This Great New Story To-day!

MAN PROPOSES

By ANDREW SOUTAR

The Beginning of the Story.

"You are to leave the prison to-day!" the governor tells James Arling, the ex-bank clerk.

There had been a miscarriage of justice—a woman had confessed to the affair at the bank for which he was sentenced.

Arling's one aim in life is to have revenge on the men who had ruined his career. He changes his name to Adam Stone, and a few years later becomes partner in a great engineering company.

Stone forms an organisation of expert detectives, and he learns that his daughter, Joan, now nine years of age, is travelling the country with an old musician.

The bank robbery was the joint work of Bikkerstaffe, the cashier, and two men named Darrell and Weerd.

Stone meets Madame Poillard, a woman of extraordinary beauty, and discovers that she is the companion of Darrell, known to his associates as The Lynx.

Being short of funds, The Lynx gets Madame Poillard's help in a swindling transaction over black pearls, and obtains £200 by fraud from a Bond Street jeweller. The Lynx also announces his intention of starting a society for the protection of children, and also resolves to help himself to Adam Stone's wealth—unconscious of the fact that he and his companion are being shadowed by Jose, a clever Spanish lady detective.

Looking for the Sun.

DOWN in the slums old Tamarisk, the musician, whispered a prayer for Joan. The heat of the city, and, maybe, the early privations before he met with her for the first time, had paled her cheeks, and not all the laughter and babyish banter could drive the fear from his heart. He loved the child as he might have loved a child of his own flesh and blood. She lifted him near to the stars about which he was so fond of romancing for her entertainment.

August was growing old. In the courtyard where Tamarisk and the child dwelt there was the pungent, stifling odour of things unwanted. He raised the cotton blind of the window to let the morning sun filter in. They had only one room, the bed of the child being hidden behind an old screen. Of furniture there was very little, but in the room there was something of infinitely greater value than Sheraton chairs and grand pianos—sweetness of atmosphere, cleanliness, and . . . love divine. There were two basket chairs, a small table, and an upturned box covered with faded chintz; the box was the platform on which the child singer "rehearsed" her songs to Tamarisk's violin accompaniment . . .

"Come, dearie! God has opened the windows of heaven, and the sunshine is asking for Joan."

The child dressed quickly and peeped through a hole in the old screen.

"Any letters for the primmy donny, Doady?"

"Ah! So many that you'll never be able to read them all if you don't get out of bed earlier. . . . Here's one from a fairy in that wood I told you about; the young partridges are beginning to run about, and most won'erful stories she does tell about the mothers. Now, if that mother partridge should get it into her head that you're going to tread on her nest of babies, away she'll fly, pretending that her wing's broken, and that you can catch her if you follow . . . leads you away from the babies, don't you see?"

The child's eyes opened wide in wonder.

"When are we going to that wood, Doady?" she asked.

Old Tamarisk took a deep breath. "Ah!" he said, and chuckled. "That's the surprise I've got for you to-day. We set off after breakfast. . . . No, no, we must have the rehearsal first: then we can pack."

Half an hour later the violin was wailing, and the child's voice, sweet as the tinkling of Japanese dinner bells in the wisteria, was raised in song.

Down in the courtyard neighbours went about their work, pausing now and then to glance up at the window of Tamarisk's tenement, and to murmur, "Makes the day brighter—don't they?"

And on the landing, outside the room, crouched Joan's most devoted admirer—Tony, the slum kid, whom nobody loved save Joan and Tamarisk. A strange, old-fashioned boy this Tony, with a mass of straggling hair, big, expressive eyes, and all the faculties of a man when it came to depending on his wits for a meal. Tony was just an outcast of the slums—a pariah dog to whom only the sentimental threw a bone on occasion. He loved Joan—loved her with all the devotedness of a dog.

He listened to the singing, nodding his head in appreciation. He heard, very faintly, what old Tamarisk had said about the mystic wood, and he wondered—and wondered.

Once Tony had edged himself into the pit at Covent Garden Opera House. It was a cold, wet night, and he had earned a shilling by holding horses and opening the doors of carriages. He had fought two boys, years older than himself, and the stains on his face were not wholly of mud. . . . He got into the pit, and he believed it was Heaven—the Heaven old Tamarisk had talked about. He saw the bouquets handed to the "stars," and—and——

He stole away from the door, passed quickly across the courtyard, and returned in less than five minutes with a geranium bloom. He was placing it on the threshold, just where [illegible] would see it when she opened the door, and Tamarisk was humming a melody in correction of the little singer, when there came the rushing of feet. A sour-faced woman dashed up the stairs.

"I got [illegible] pinch my flowers!"

Tony tried to duck and dodge, but a lean hand grasped his mass of hair and whirled him around. The door opened and old Tamarisk looked out.

"Bless my heart! It's our Tony, Joan," he cried, and the child came running out of the room at his words.

The virago, holding the boy, flashed on the old man.

"Your Tony!" she echoed in scorn. "He's anybody's Tony."

A gentle hand was placed on her shoulder, a gentler voice murmured—"Not anybody's Tony to ill-treat, good lady. Come. Tell me of the trouble."

"Stole my flowers, he did. I see'd him do it."

Tony hung his head.

The old man picked up the bloom of geranium and looked from face to face.

"The truth, Tony, boy," he said. "You're not afraid of telling the truth to old Tamarisk."

And Tony told him. The geranium was a tribute to Joan. He had "seen 'em do it at the 'Garden,'" and he wished—wished——

"Dear lady," said the old man, "let me pay you for the flower." There were tears in his eyes and voice. "You heard what our Tony said?"

The woman's face had become wet like Tamarisk's. Something was rising in her throat. "He's a thief," she said, in that tone which suggests forgiveness, "but—but he ain't a bad thief." She went down the stairs without accepting payment for the bloom.

Old Tamarisk motioned to the boy to come into the room. There he was allowed to sit by the window while Joan finished her "rehearsals."

It was a wonderful experience for him, and when the singing was over Joan went over to him and sat down beside him. The old man began the work of packing for the country.

"Tony, you'll never go to Heaven if you steal flowers." Joan had taken his soiled hand and was stroking it as a mother might the hand of her sick child.

Tony was gloomy for a second. Then, "Where you goin', kiddy?" as if he were quite prepared to make any sort of sacrifice so long as she was near him.

"You are a one-er, Tony," shaking her curls. "Don't know why Doady and me takes up with you. . . . We're going away to-day. Straight! Honest Inj. Doady knows a fairy who lets rooms. Pity she don't have no dealings with thieves—geranium thieves. . . . 'Ere," as he began to bite at his lips, "did you get that flower for me?"

"See that wet?" He passed a finger across his throat.

"Then, I'll kiss you as usual," said Joan. "Wait till I'm a primmy donny, Tony; then—then you can stand outside the theatre and shout."

Old Tamarisk came back to them, and looked long and sadly at Tony.

"What are we going to do with him, Joan, dearie?" he asked.

The boy turned to her and waited anxiously on her reply. She pursed her lips and sighed.

"Better send him to a training ship, Doady," she said. "We can't do anything with him. Like as not he'd steal your fiddle if you dared to take him out into the country."

"We'll risk it," said the old man brightly. "Nobody wants him here."

Tony laughed pathetically.

"Ain't found anybody that wanted me," he said, and his voice shook a little, "'cept you and Joan."

Joan pretended not to have heard; she was staring at his shock of hair.

"Doady," said she, "get the comb. We couldn't possibly introduce him to the fairies in that state. Come closer," and she grasped the comb and pulled the boy towards her. "What would you do if you hadn't a woman to look after you?"

They set out for the country long before the sun had reached the meridian. Their "luggage" was tragically little; indeed, Tony was able to shoulder it. The old man carried his beloved violin, and Joan walked by his side.

As they were passing through the crowded streets the boy plucked the old man by the arm.

"What is this stunt?" he asked, cocking his head on one side and winking an eye to suggest that he was ready to keep up some pretence with Joan.

And old Tamarisk answered softly, "Master Tony, don't you never disbelieve me. We're going into the country so's the fairies can pink those cheeks of her. See? There are fairies in the country, and I'll show 'em to you. They're there for everybody to see, but most people is blind—blind of heart. We're going to do a little 'tour' of the villages, against the winter, when we shan't be able to get into the streets. In the winter——"

"There's the pubs, old man."

"Ay, ay," said old Tamarisk in his singsong voice. "But I've never taken my little Joan into a street that I didn't like, to say nothin' of—of what you said."

They wandered on.

When Greek Meets Greek.

A month had passed, and elaborate preparations were being made at The Wilderness for the great ball to be given by Mr Adam Stone. It had been an eventful month, a worrying month for Adam Stone, for, although his agents throughout the country were making a systematic search for the child and the old musician, they had not been able to trace them. And now thoughts of Ruth, his wife, were continually disturbing him. While he could not bring himself to believe that she was dead, no matter what the machinations of the three men, he could scarcely bring himself to hope that she was alive.

He watched the preparations going forward, and if he smiled approvingly when one or other of the artists engaged on the decorations invited his criticism, there was in his heart a wild tumult. And always, after looking at this or that piece of extravagance, the fingers of his right hand crept to the locket tied around his neck, and the whisper never varied, "I shall avenge you, Ruth. Trust me."

People who heard of the ball—those who had received invitations—were beginning to talk among themselves. Of course they agreed Madame Poillard was to be the star of the evening; for her sake Adam Stone was flinging off his old reticence and reserved manner. He was "coming out," so they put it.

How far from the truth were their premises!

Three nights before the ball was to take place Adam Stone was sitting in the study, his thoughts travelling over the expanse of years in which he had reached the summit of fortune, and tasted the dregs of disappointment. He could hear the workmen still engaged on the decorations, the faint echo of their hammering floating up to the study. He was spending a great deal of money on this function, and, although the underlying purpose was to find those who had wronged him and his wife and his child, he could not clear his heart of the pain that came with the reflection that while he was spending thousands for a night's entertainment, his child might be crying for a little food.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when the telephone on the table at his elbow tinkled faintly. He knew the message was from Blaker, the agent who had left Paris in order to follow up an inquiry about the musician and the lost child. Blaker had returned to town, and by a method which only those in the organisation could understand, he had communicated with the master.

Adam Stone picked up a penholder, and, instead of asking verbally who was there, tapped the vulcanite transmitter three times. Then Blaker spoke:—

"If you would care to see this man I will bring him to The Wilderness without delay."

Adam Stone tapped the transmitter once, and hung up the receiver.

It was a strange story that Blaker had communicated, but in these days when hopes rose only to be crushed the next minute, nothing was to be left uninvestigated. Blaker had found himself in the company of outlaws from society—men who recognised no law, who lived by their wits, and were ready, sometimes, to betray their associates for the sake of a few shillings.

One of these "outlaws" had made a reference to the Dedman Bank affair of nine years before. Blaker, clever in the art of disguise and dissimulation as any of the rogues in the company, had given the impression that he was a "green boy" up from the provinces, and anxious to do some "work." When a favourable opportunity occurred he drew the speaker aside and whispered in his ear:—

"Do you know anything about the Dedman Bank 'stick-up?'" And before the man's suspicions were fully awakened he went on, "I offered fifty red 'uns to let me into that 'job.' I knew one of the crowd, Seth Weerd, but he's gone home, I should say, since I haven't heard of him since."

The other man looked at him steadily for a second. Then he said:—

"I wasn't in the 'job' myself, but I know a man who could tell you all about it if you are on the 'square.' But what do you want to know for?"

"I was wondering if he or you knew where old Seth had gone—that's all. There's another thing; I know a gent whose pal it was that got 'snafiled' in that 'job.'"

The other man laughed drily. "Well, what's that to me?" he asked. "It's nine years and more since then, and——"

"That's just it," said Blaker. "This gentleman isn't out to clear the matter up or put any of the 'boys' away. He only wants to be satisfied that his pal didn't do it. Now, who's your friend who happens to know about it?"

"What's it worth to me?" asked the man slyly.

"A 'tenner,' maybe."

"No 'snide'?"

"Absolutely square."

"Well, I could put you wise, but I want to see the 'tenner' first, because I shall have to 'split' with him. He's an old shoeblack, and had his pitch just outside the bank. 'Course he wasn't working that night, but he happened to be keeping his ears open during the morning, and he saw the 'boys' planning the 'job.' His name's Stibble. If you are on the 'square,' give me the 'handle' of your friend who's anxious to buy a little bit of news."

And Blaker gave him the name of Adam Stone. Then he communicated with the master, and the interview was arranged.

The man Stibble, whom Blaker brought into the study, was a cripple, and walked with the aid of a crutch. His right leg didn't touch the ground, the lower part of the limb being drawn up slightly. He would have been tall if it had not been for his infirmity; he would have been handsome but for the mass of freckles that spread over his face, for his features were finely formed; the hair was unkempt, mahogany red in colour; his clothes were ragged and evil-smelling. He ducked his head in greeting of the white-haired knight. His voice, when he spoke, was sharp, and a cunning note that might have been only avarice ran through it.

"Yer want me, guv-nor?"

Adam Stone looked at Blaker, and intimated by a wave of the hand that he might leave them together.

"I wish to ask you a few questions," said Adam Stone, "and if you answer them to my satisfaction you shall have an additional five pounds."

The man grinned his appreciation of the generous offer.

"I understand that you remember the affair of Dedman's Bank, a robbery that took place about nine years ago?"

Stibble cocked his head on one side and thoughtfully stroked his mouth with the dirty fingers of his left hand.

"What I wants to know," he began, but Adam Stone sought to put him at his ease at once.

"I'm not asking these questions," he said, "with the object of conveying any information to the authorities. The authorities don't interest me."

"Now you're talking," said Stibble, sighing relievedly. "It seems rather a peculiar idea of yours."

"It so happens," said Adam Stone, talking very calmly and dispassionately, "that the young bank clerk who was arrested in connection with the affair was known to me. I was away at the time, but I am quite satisfied that he was an innocent party. I believe that there was a man named Bikkerstaffe, and——"

Stibble nodded. "He was the cashier, sir, wasn't he? Then there was old Seth Weerd——"

"Where is Seth Weerd, by the way?"

"Now, you're arsking me. The other cove, was Charlie Darrell—'Andsome Charlie."

Adam Stone found it difficult to maintain his calm demeanour.

"You seem to be quite familiar with the affair," he said.

"Lor' bless yer!" Stibble rubbed his mouth again with his dirty fingers. "In them days I knew most of the 'boys.' As a matter of fact, I saw 'Andsome Charlie outside the bank that morning. He was having what you might call a 'dekko' at the building. Then Seth Weerd come along. Why, I blacked Seth's boots, and he give me a 'dud' half-dollar. He would——"

Adam Stone pretended to be rather bored with the recital.

"Did Bikkerstaffe come into the conversation?" he asked casually.

"No, not then." Stibble replied, "but later in the a'ternoon I heard him and 'Andsome Charlie coughing it all up. Bikkerstaffe had fixed up the 'joint,' and he happened to know that a young clerk inside was 'stony.' That's about all I can tell you, guv-nor."

Adam Stone counted out five pounds in notes, and placed the money on the table.

"No," he said, "I think there is a little more you can tell me. If that five pounds isn't sufficient, I'll make it more. There was a woman in the case——"

"Like as not," said Stibble. "'Andsome Charlie always had a woman trailing after him. Lor'! He'd pick 'em up one day and drop 'em the next, just like that!"

Adam Stone could scarcely contain himself now.

"Yes," he said, "but there was a woman arrested for this affair. She confessed——"

Stibble laughed that dry laugh of his.

"I heard about it," he said calmly. "She tried to give 'Andsome Charlie away, didn't she? Bit of jealousy on her part. What was the result? No evidence agin Charlie, and the woman was sent to 'bye-bye.'"

"The bank clerk was married?" Adam Stone leaned forward and betrayed his emotion.

"So I believe," said Stibble, "but she worn't my wife, and I don't know nothin' about her . . . Do I 'click' on another fiver, guv'nor?"

The money was paid.

"If you should be able to find the wife of the bank clerk," said Adam Stone, his heart aching through crushed hopes, "I will make it worth your while to come to me instantly. That bank clerk was a friend of mine. Do you understand?"

"Leave it to me, guv-nor," said Stibble.

A few minutes later he was hobbling down the drive. Adam Stone leaned back in his chair, and, covering his eyes with his hands, murmured brokenly, "If you have any pity, God, help me to find her."

Stibble, the cripple, passed on through the lodge gates. A hundred yards down the high road a motor-cab was standing. Stibble waited until he was satisfied that he was not being watched by any pedestrians, then he whispered to the driver—

"Home—and quickly."

He climbed into the cab and pulled down the blinds. There was a portmanteau inside.

He folded up the telescopic crutch, removed the red wig, covered the rags with a light overcoat, and cleaned his face of the freckles. The work of transformation was done with the skill of an artist.

And The Lynx smiled quietly as he looked at his reflection in the tiny mirror which he had taken from his portmanteau.

"My dear Adam Stone," he said soliloquisingly, "I don't know that I have gained very much by the little adventure, but I was very anxious to see the inside of your house and to find out what manner of man you are. Marietta awakens suspicions in my breast by the ardent way in which she speaks of you . . . Now, why should you be so anxious to learn all there is to learn about the Dedman Bank affair?"

The Lynx had his own organisation, even as Adam Stone. Blaker had been easily outwitted.

You will find another instalment of this story next week.

A KEEN WAR-WORKER.

Lady Patten M'Dougall, of Gallanach, county president, Argyllshire Branch of the Red Cross Society, is the wife of Sir James Patten M'Dougall, K.C.B., of Gallanach. Sir James is Registrar-General for Scotland and Vice-Convener of the County of Argyll. Sir James and his good lady take an active parte in all charitable work in the county. Lady Patten M'Dougall is a sister of General Sir H. S. Horne, who commands an army in France.

NO MORE ASTHMA

Every Asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangling coughing stops, and you can breathe easily.

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a victim to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use it when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful nights ensured. So that you may prove its value, accept Free Trial Packet.

Fill up form and receive Free Trial Packet of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a copy of the book "Are you Asthmatic?" telling you all about the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores.

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To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E1. Please send me Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

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Sold by all Grocers and Stores in Id., 6d., and 1/- packets, and in large airtight tins, 1/6. In case of difficulty send P.O. 1/3 for Pound Packet post free. Write to

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As ♥

PILES CAN BE CURED

without an operation

OR MONEY BACK

from your own chemist.

Thousands of readers who suffer the agony and debilitating effects of hæmorrhoids, pruritus, etc., will be interested to know that these afflictions can now be cured without resorting to the knife and all its pain, danger, and uncertainty, and with permanent results. It was once said by a prominent medical man that such operations are often like pruning a tree. They stimulate the growth in one place only to promote it in a dozen others.

A well-known London consulting chemist and expert in analytical work devoted many of his time for nearly a year to research and experiments with a view to perfecting a cure for eczema and other skin diseases. Not only did he discover a soothing, antiseptic, and non-astringent compound which was amazingly effective in banishing skin affections by *curing the cause*, but this compound, known to-day as pure refined Nemolin, has been found to possess remarkable curative power when applied to piles. Hitherto treatments have consisted of ointments and astringents, which gave only temporary results, since by shrinking the tissues and blood vessels they merely increased congestion, which is the primary cause of piles etc. Nemolin has just the opposite effect. It *stimulates* the local circulation, so all pain, itching, irritation, smarting stops, congestion is quickly dispersed, and affected parts almost immediately return to perfectly normal healthy condition.

NOTE.—We find, on inquiry, that Nemolin is kept in stock by the following and other good chemists: Spite & Co., all branches; Cross, Ltd., all branches; J. Foster, 64 Chancery Lane, 164 Fleet Street, and 10 Cambridge Street; Cappell, 525 Great Western Road; J. Laurence & Sons, 3 Old Bond Street; Mansions, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; Green, Ltd., all branches.

An interesting treatise on the cause of piles and Nemolin in cases of chronic constipation, written by the eminent chemist mentioned in the above article, will be sent free and post paid to anyone sufficiently interested to send a penny stamp for the postage. Address: Chief Chemist, Russell Laboratories, 67, Bolsover Street, London, W.1.

PERSONALITIES IN THE LIMELIGHT AND GOSSIP OF THE HOUR

Exclusively Written For "The Post Sunday Special."

...t Sir Duncan Hay's Appointment.

Lafayette.

Sir Duncan Edwin Hay, who has just been appointed A.D.C. on the personal staff, is a popular South of Scotland Baronet, his Scottish home being King's Meadows, Hastoun, Peebles. He is an enthusiastic motorist and yachtsman.

...adame Patti Singing Again.

I hear that Madame Patti is about to ...me out of her retirement. She will ap... very shortly at a charity concert in ... Glasgow and Edinburgh folk ... give her a great welcome if the ... singer could undertake a journey ...rth

...t Nearly 600 Footballs to the Front

The demand for footballs at the front ...ceeds space, and Mr M'Carthy, the secre... of the Hearts, who inaugurated the ... as it has carried it on so successfully ... the outbreak of hostilities, has now ... over 560 balls to France, Macedonia, ...ia, Gallipoli, Egypt, and Africa; in fact, ...ever you find a British Tommy. Alto...ther the public have subscribed nearly ...0 to enable Mr M'Carthy to provide the ...here and the good work continues. The ...ter Saturday two ladies collected over £12 ...coppers and small silver at Tynecastle, ...he letters the Hearts' manager receives ...om the boys is ample testimony of their ...preciation of a chance to have a kick be...een the battles

ELECTRIC THEATRE, NETHERGATE, DUNDEE.
WEEK COMMENCING 26th NOV., 1917.
Showing Mon., Tues., and Wed. (First Time in Dundee) DAUGHTERS OF FRANCE," a Story of the Present War, in 4 Acts. Also, Helena Rubinstein in "LITTLE MISS APRIL," Bolton's Sensational Masterpiece, in 4 Acts.
Showing Thur., Fri., and Sat., Miss Florence Turner and Henry Edwards in "GRIM JUSTICE," from "Rita's" Greatest Novel, in 4 Acts.
Shewing Next Week—
"SHE," by RIDER HAGGARD (6 Acts).

BAND'S PICTURE HOUSE, SHEPHERD'S LOAN, DUNDEE.
MON., TUES., and WED.
Dyan Washburn and Marguerite Clayton in "THE PRINCE OF GRANSTARK."
Brilliant Sequel to the Great Essanay Success, "Granstark." Also,
Arle Williams in "THE SCARLET RUNNER."
THU., FRI., and SAT.
Gail Kane in "THE VELVET PAW."
An Entrancing Story of Political Intrigue.
Also, Episode 6 of
"BOY SCOUTS—BE PREPARED." 2646

SHOPPING BY POST.
Closely set advertisements are inserted under this heading at the prepaid rate of 3d per word.

COCHRANE'S HELP YOU start a business of your own. Make money ... genuine bargains. Drapery remnants, ... made's, handkerchiefs. Write for catalogue. ...rane's Warehouse, 24 Victoria Bridge, Manchester

HOLLY Bough monster box of 25 Christmas ... cards; best value of the year; worth 5s; post ... 9d Hampton's, 9 Scott St., Perth, N.B.

"OURIU" rheumatic cure, 1s 3d; "Obesity Biscuits," 2s 6d. "Peplyn" Stores, 31 ...mson Pl., Edinburgh. 2620

REMNANTS.—We carry one of the largest stocks ... in the trade of all kinds of cotton and wool ...ds. Also ready-mades and smallwares. Send ...rticulist, free. S Andrew & Co., 30 George ... Manchester. Established 25 years.

WAS A SIGHT FROM SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.
I Cured It Quickly, Root and All, So It Never Returned.
Will Send Free Full Particulars of the Sacred Hindoo Secret Which Cured Me.

For years I was the victim of horrid hair growths ... face and arms. I was a sight. Every time ... met another woman with this "mannish" mark ... saw how it spoiled her looks I became the more distracted, for I had tried all the pastes, powders, liquids, and other "hair-removers" I had ever heard of, but always with the same unsatisfactory result.

Sensitive women of India never ... a trace of Superfluous ... I will send you the secret.

Finally my husband, a noted surgeon and an officer in the British Army, secured from a native Hindoo soldier (whose life he had saved) the closely guarded secret of the Hindoo religion, which forbids Hindoo women to have the slightest trace of hair except the hair on their head. I used it. In a few days all hair ... had gone. To-day not a trace can be ... It has been killed for ever, root and all. ... experience with this wonderful remedy was so ... that I feel it my duty to tell my ... to others afflicted, that they may profit ... and not waste their time and money on ... "concoctions" as I did.

Therefore, to any lady who will send me the ... below, or a copy of it, with name and ... within the next few days, sending two ... stamps to cover my outlay for posting, I ... quite free full information so that you ... ever end all trace of embarrassing hair by ... wonderful method that cured me. I will also ... free particulars of other beauty secrets ... as they are ready. Please state whether ... or Miss, and address your letter as below.

FREE COUPON Good for immediate use only by readers of the "Sunday Post" when sent with two penny stamps for postage.
Mrs. HUDSON,—Please send me free your full information and confidential instructions to banish superfluous hair; also, additional particulars of other beauty secrets as soon as ready.
Above coupon, or copy of same, with your name and address and 2d stamps, to be sent to Frederick Hudson, Suite H1231, No. 9 Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs Hudson belongs to a very high in Society, and is the widow of a General Officer in the British Army, so you can write her with every confidence. Address as above.

Certainly!

Who says our Generals are bunglers now? This was an English newspaper's query! Better to say they are "Bynglers"!

They Came With a Vengeance.

A correspondent wonders whether the Germans around Cambrai exclaimed this week, "Hello, the Byng-boys are here." If they did they would say it mighty fast.

Not to be Sweet.

Notice in a South London grocer's shop—Sugar cards on January 1. Civility until then.

Apparently it's not going to be very sweet in this shop

Liquid Soap

The latest idea in economy in certain restaurants in Glasgow is the use of liquid soap. This is after the style of the self feeding principle in a bird cage drinking glass, and is quite a success. Has this been necessary, I wonder, owing to the restaurant soap pilferer?

"Every Working Woman a Lady."

That every working woman is a lady is the dictum of Mrs Samson, a director of one of London's big tea shop companies. She had referred to the waitresses as "young ladies," and her definition was in reply to a shareholder who said, "We do not employ young ladies. We want in our business young women."

Too Much "Albert"

A good deal of worry is caused to residenters in the Langside district of Glasgow by the multiplicity of Albert Roads and Albert Drives. As a prominent residenter remarked to the writer, "We have too much Albert down this way." What about changing the name of one of the Albert Roads to Haig Road?

At Glencoe.

The Baroness Strathcona is at present staying with her son and daughter at Glencoe, her beautiful and historic estate in North Argyll. The mansion-house commands a singularly fine view of loch and mountain, and is within a short distance of the scene of the MacIain massacre. Her ladyship's son, Captain Arthur Howard, has been gassed in France, but is now convalescent. Her daughter, Miss Edith Howard, is resting after a long spell of hospital work.

A Romantic Re-Union.

A Clydeside Parish Council has just been relieved of the upkeep of a wife and family after over nine years' maintenance. The father disappeared under tragic circumstances, the train in which he was travelling being swallowed up in a Canadian gulch in a snowstorm. The other day the long-lost husband turned up as a Canadian soldier wounded from the front. This happy reunion and the causes leading up to this long separation form a most unique and romantic story.

Drumtochty Man's Adventure on the South Coast.

Met a friend from Drumtochty—not the place immortalised by Ian MacLaren, but the pretty Kincardineshire one—who told me an amusing story, the moral of which is that a man is not always known by the clothes he wears At a seacoast town the other day the Drumtochtyite saw a stalwart Highlander looking very lonely, and feeling lonely himself, he went up to him and greeted him with Cam Eroo, which, if you will excuse the phonetic spelling, is good Gaelic for "How's all with you?," or something to that effect. The next instant my Drumtochty friend was under arrest as a spy, and before he secured his release he had a hard job to convince the soldier that he had been speaking the language of the kilt and not boasting in German that he was carrying a camera.

Is This a "Conchy's" Dictum?

The following words are inscribed in chalk on a wall in Alexandra Parade, Glasgow:—"God made the world for man to live in, not to attend Tribunals."

More Movies.

Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, is a home of the cinema. I hear that two prominent companies interested in "the movies" are negotiating for sites on the popular thoroughfare.

Porridge in the Trenches.

Our soldier boys in France like to get porridge for breakfast. Alas, they get no milk, but manage to get along nicely at times with a tin of syrup as substitute for the lactic fluid

Glasgow Lads in Palestine.

Some of the men now fighting in Palestine, and hailing from Glasgow, have not been home since the latter days of 1915. They are hard and keen as mustard, as Johnny Turk can tell.

Blairgowrie's Sporting Bailie.

Mr Thomas N. Tasker, who has just been elected a Bailie of Blairgowrie, is well known in sporting circles. In his younger days he was a prominent cricketer, and for several seasons figured as a fast bowler in the inter-county matches between Perthshire and Forfarshire.

The Poetic Plotter.

A Clarkston plotholder, who distinguished himself by winning a prize for greens at the recent Red Cross exhibition, has taken another lease of his allotment. Here is what he writes on his form:—"The plots I have I desire to retain, although I racked my back and suffered pain. I trenched them well, about two spits deep, expecting in due course good crops to reap."

Advocate's Daughter as Nurse.

Photo by Lafayette.

At Eastfield Hospital Miss Readman of Mackie Hill Peeblesshire, has been nursing for a period of three years. She is the daughter of a well known advocate and has always been interested in V.A.D effort.

Serbian Footballers.

The Serbian boys who are being educated at George Heriot's School, Edinburgh, have all taken up sport enthusiastically, and two of their number have already won places in the school first fifteen. Boxing is another sport they are keen on, and it is expected that they may be seen in public at one or other of the amateur shows in the city in the near future.

Their Mother Tongue

What language is spoken in London just now? At the Government offices it is commonly said that they think in Welsh and speak in English, but whether this is true or not an hour at the Commons this week convinced me that whatever language members think in there is a marked Scottish accent predominant in the speech during question time.

Chumming with a Millionaire.

There are few people on this globe who would not mind saying they had rubbed shoulders with a potential millionaire, but Tommy Mostol, the irresistible comedian in the revue "Smile," now touring Scotland, tells me he has literally done this. In his early days Mr Mostel acted, ate, and actually slept with the great Charlie Chaplin.

Brave Motherwell Lady.

To this young lady belongs the honour of being the first woman to bring the Military Medal to Motherwell, a town of many soldier heroes. She is Miss Annie S. M'K. Weir, and she has gained this award for courage and devotion to duty when her hospital was bombed by the enemy and several of the nurses killed Miss Weir received her training in the Motherwell V.A.D.

Lack of Practical Men.

A variety in the style of explanation for a shop having to be closed is to be seen in the vicinity of Eglinton Toll, Glasgow. Instead of the stereotyped notice—"Closed—owner called up for military service," it is announced in large, bold characters —"Closed for want of practical men." And this was a butcher's shop, too!

Lord Rosebery's Grief.

Lord Rosebery never made any secret of his affection for the late Hon. Neil Primrose. In commending his son to the electors of the Wisbech Division seven years ago his Lordship said he gave them "a son who since the moment when the nurse laid the swaddling bundle in my arms 26 years ago has never given me a moment's concern or any but the happiest of memories."

An Author at Eleven.

Master Ian C. Gilchrist, the eleven year-old son of the popular minister of Govan Parish, has just written his first book, and it is now in the printers' hands. It is entitled "A Trip Through Space," and describes life in a wonderful airship, which develops a speed of nine hundred miles per second. The proceeds of the work are to go to the Red Cross Society.

"What's in a Name?"

This is a question that appeals with growing force to the people of Stirling. They are faced with the grave risk that the designation of the Parliamentary constituency will be changed from "Stirling and Falkirk Burghs" to "Falkirk and Stirling Burghs." It is felt that such an alteration would be simply disastrous to the dignity and prestige of the ancient town where "Stuarts once in glory reigned." It is reassuring to the inhabitants to be told that the Provost's Committee have "adopted measures to protect the interest of the burgh."

When Lord Morley Sat for Montrose Burghs.

Lord Morley of Blackburn was looking rejuvenated when I saw him in Whitehall the other day after the publication of his reminiscences. Hard work always seemed to have a good effect on the grand old man of letters, and he revelled in it during his long spell in the Commons. During the time he sat for the Montrose Burghs he took a particular delight in welcoming visitors to the House from his own constituency, and seeing personally that they were able to secure a seat in the gallery to hear the debates.

"A Piper Cam' Tae Oor Toon."

A familiar Scottish figure is back in London. It was he who stirred our emotions by playing the lament outside the town residence of the Duke of Fife when the news of his passing reached town? He disappeared from the streets when the war drum throbbed, and where he went is obvious now that he is back again skirling his pipes. No longer in the gorgeous dress of a pipe-major I saw him in Soho wearing the silver badge of a soldier discharged in this war. It was a pathetic picture, and I hope that before long he will have earned enough from the sympathetic London public to enable him to don once more the garb of old Gaul which stirred our imagination when we met him in our walks about town.

LEADING THEATRICAL LIGHTS APPEARING IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK.

(1) W. S. Percy in "High Jinks," at Her Majesty's Theatre, Dundee. (2) Cherry Hardy in "A Little Bit of Fluff," at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh (3) Tommy Mostol in "Smile," at the Glasgow Empire. (4) Helen Charles, entertainer and reconteur, at the King's Theatre, Dundee. (5) Joyce Gordon in "Bootles' Baby," at King's Theatre, Glasgow (photo by Claude Harris). (6) George Formby at the Glasgow Pavilion. (7) Florrie Humel, circus rider, at Hengler's Circus, Glasgow.

EMPIRE, GLASGOW
6.45—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.0.
ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S
Great Garrick Theatre, London, Success,
"SMILE!"
Cast includes
BILLY LEONARD, TOMMY MOSTOL, &c., &c.
MATINEE TUESDAY 2.30
Box Office, 10.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 9.30.
'Phone 3751 Douglas.

WHERE TO GO? COLISEUM, GLASGOW
6.55—TWICE EVERY EVENING—9.0.
The Sensation of the Century
CARL HERTZ Presents for the First Time the GREAT INDIAN ROPE TRICK
Nixon Grey, The 10 Loonies, Sam Stern, The Nine Bagnalls, The Real M'Kaye, Clara Butterworth.
SATURDAY—3 Performances, 4.15, 6.45, and 9. Box Office Open All Day—10.30 to 9.30.
'Phones—Manager, 250 South; Booking, 1501 Central.

JOCK'S BOX
THEATRE ROYAL, GLASGOW.
Six Evening Performances, and Matinee on Saturday.
Commencing MONDAY, 26th Nov., 1917.
Mr R. E. JEFFREY Presents the Greatest of all Detective Plays
"RAFFLES."
By E. W. HORNUNG.
From WYNDHAM'S THEATRE, LONDON.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Owing to the extraordinary length of the programme, the Management beg to announce that the Evening Performance will commence at 7.15 to enable patrons to get Trams and Trains home.

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HOW THIRD LANARK SPRANG SURPRISE AT AIRDRIE

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

QUEEN'S PARK, ..	2	RANGERS, ...	3
PARTICK THISTLE,	3	CLYDE, ...	0
HEARTS, ...	0	FALKIRK, ...	2
DUMBARTON, ...	4	MOTHERWELL, ..	3
ST MIRREN, ...	0	MORTON, ...	1
AIRDRIEONIANS,	0	THIRD LANARK,	3
CELTIC, ...	2	HIBERNIAN, ...	0
AYR UNITED, ...	0	KILMARNOCK, ..	3
HAMILTON ACAD.,	3	CLYDEBANK, ...	3

WESTERN CUP.

VALE OF LEVEN,	1	ALBION ROVERS,	1
STEVENSTON U., ..	2	JOHNSTONE, ...	1

LOFTUS CUP.

DUNDEE, ...	2	DUNDEE HIBS, ...	1

WESTERN LEAGUE.

ARTHURLIE, ...	7	DUMBARTON HARP	1
RENTON, ...	2	ABERCORN, ...	0

EASTERN LEAGUE.

RAITH ROVERS, ..	0	COWDENBEATH,	3
DUNFERMLINE A.,	4	EAST FIFE, ...	0

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

Lancashire Section.

MANCHESTER U.,	2	PRESTON N.E., ...	1
LIVERPOOL, ...	7	BLACKBURN R., ..	0
BURY, ...	2	EVERTON, ...	5
OLDHAM ATH., ..	1	BURSLEM P.V., ..	1
SOUTHPORT C., ..	0	MANCHESTER C.,	0
STOCKPORT CO., ..	2	BOLTON WAN., ...	3
STOKE, ...	x	ROCHDALE, ...	x

Subsidiary.

BURNLEY, ...	3	BLACKPOOL, ...	1

Midland Section.

BARNSLEY, ...	1	BRADFORD CITY,	2
NOTTS FOREST, ..	2	BIRMINGHAM, ..	1
LEICESTER FOSSE,	6	GRIMSBY TOWN,	1
HULL CITY, ...	2	LINCOLN CITY, ..	0
SHEFFIELD U., ..	1	HUDDERSFIELD T.,	0
BRADFORD, ...	2	SHEFFIELD WED.,	1
LEEDS CITY, ...	2	NOTTS COUNTY, ..	0

London Combination.

TOTTENHAM H., ..	3	WEST HAM UTD.,	0
MILLWALL, ...	2	FULHAM, ...	1
CHELSEA, ...	4	THE ARSENAL, ...	3
CLAPTON ORIENT,	1	Q.P. RANGERS, ..	2
BRENTFORD, ...	3	CRYSTAL PAL., ..	0

BELFAST CUP.

LINFIELD, ...	1	DISTILLERY, ...	1
CLIFTONVILLE, ..	2	BELFAST UNITED,	1
GLENTORAN, ...	4	GLENAVON, ...	1

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP—Second Round.

DENNY HIBS, 2; KILSYTH EMMET, 0.
NEILSTON VICTORIA, 0; BLANTYRE VIC., 0.

LANARKSHIRE JUNIOR CUP—Third Round.

LARKHALL THISTLE, 1 (Hart); BURNBANK ATHLETIC, 2 (Dick and Wilson).

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

VALE OF CLYDE, 3 (Devlin, M'Laughlan, and Lawrie); PARKHEAD, 0—Game abandoned.
PETERSHILL, 1 (Harris); ASHFIELD, 2 (Smith and Chambers)—Game abandoned.
STRATHCLYDE, 1 (Brash); POLLOK, 0—Game abandoned.
BENBURB, 0; ROB ROY, 0.
BELLSHILL ATHLETIC, x; CAMBUSLANG RANGERS, x.
CLYDEBANK, 3 (Jones 2 and Ewart); SHETTLESTON, 1 (W. Fulton)—Game abandoned.
GLENCAIRN, 2 (M'Lean and Shields); MARYHILL, 1 (Sharp).

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

KILSYTH RANGERS, 2 (Raphael and Irvine); ST PAUL'S UNITED, 2 (Cairns and M'Lellan).
ST ANTHONY'S, x; TOWNHEAD CELTIC, x.
CROY CELTIC, x; RENFREW JUNIORS, x.
OATLANDS JUNIORS, 0; ST MIRREN JUN., 5
BEDLAY JUNIORS, 2 (Cochrin and Donnachie); PORT-GLASGOW, 0.
YOKER ATHLETIC, 1; GLENBOIG CAM., 1.

LANARKSHIRE LEAGUE.

BLANTYRE CELTIC, 4 (M'Nair, Clayton, Daly, Ryan); MORNINGSIDE THISTLE, 0.
LAW VOLUNTEERS, x; NETHERBURN JUN., x.
NEWARTHILL THISTLE, 8; QUARTER STROLLERS, 1.
CLELAND JUNIORS, 10; SHOTTS UNITED, 0.

LOTHIANS LEAGUE.

BROXBURN, 2 (Bertram and Webster); H.M.S. —— 2 (Russell and Bamborough).
CIVIL SERVICE, 3 (M'Murtrie, Veitch, and Henderson); ROYAL ENGINEERS, 3 (Sanderson, Aird, and M'Millan).
LEITH BENBURB, 4 (Dowie 4); BATHGATE JUNIORS, 0.

ABERDEEN AND DISTRICT AMATEUR LEAGUE.

GORDON'S, 2; RICHARD'S, LIMITED, 1.
DEPOT GORDONS, 2; ROSE ATHLETIC, 0.
HALL, RUSSELL, & CO., 2; TRAWLERS AND TRADERS, 1.
LYON'S, LIMITED, 4; STRATH SHIPBUILDING CO., 1.
J. LEWIS & SON, 1; J. M. HENDERSON'S, 0.
CARLTON, 3; ROYAL ALBERT, 3.
HALL & CO., 2; DUTHIE'S, 1.
LINKSFIELD, 4; GLENWOOD, 3.
THISTLE, 4; AULTON, 0.
HILTON, 5; WINDSOR, 2.

OTHER GAMES.

BRITISH ARMY, 1; BELGIAN ARMY, 6—At Stoke.
Q.P. STROLLERS, 7; ALBION AMATEURS, 0.
N.P.S. CARDONALD (Ladies), 2 (Miss Earl 2); ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH, 1 (Miss Deonan).
ROTHERHAM, 10; WEST RIDING REMOUNTS, 1—At Coatbridge.
ARDROSSAN BENBURB, 3; SALTCOATS CORINTHIANS, 0.
DUKE OF LANCASTER'S OWN YEOMANRY, 1; A.S.C., 1.

BOXING.

AMATEUR BOUTS AT VICTORIA CLUB.

There was a large attendance at the Victoria Athletic Club, Glasgow, last night, when a series of amateur bouts was staged. The principal item was that between J. Gilmour (Southern) and J. Muir (Victoria) over eight rounds. It proved a short and sharp contest.

Gilmour opened strongly in the first round, sending in hard lefts and rights to the head and body. In the second round, however, Muir had easily the better of the exchanges, and early in the third round the Victoria man, with a hard left to the stomach, forced Gilmour to the mat for the full count.

Other results:—J. Clark (Southern) beat R. Lockhart (Victoria) on points, over six rounds. J. M'Connachie (Glasgow A.A.C.) beat G. Sellars (Victoria) on points. R. Sneddon (Victoria) beat J. Connor (Southern) on points. J. Maxwell (Glasgow) beat J. Clarkson (Scottish National) on points, over eight rounds. Mr White was referee.

WHITE-HEAT FINISH AT HAMPDEN PARK.

JOCKIE SIMPSON'S SHARE IN THE TYNECASTLE VICTORY.

CAPITAL STRUGGLE IN RACE FOR LEAGUE LEAD.

WALKER, Clydebank.

BROWN, Rangers.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

	P	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Kilmarnock, ...	15	11	2	2	37	11	24
Celtic, ...	13	11	2	0	27	10	22
Morton, ...	15	9	2	4	28	15	22
Rangers, ...	13	8	2	3	27	11	19
Partick Thistle, ...	14	6	2	6	23	11	18
Motherwell, ...	15	5	5	5	28	30	15
St Mirren, ...	15	5	6	4	19	19	14
Dumbarton, ...	15	6	7	2	24	25	14
Airdrieonians, ...	15	6	7	2	21	27	14
Clydebank, ...	15	5	6	4	25	29	14
Falkirk, ...	15	5	7	3	18	23	13
Hamilton Acad., ..	15	5	7	3	22	27	13
Queen's Park, ...	15	5	7	3	25	30	13
Third Lanark, ...	15	4	8	3	22	26	11
Clyde, ...	14	4	8	2	19	28	10
Hibernian, ...	15	3	8	4	20	28	10
Hearts, ...	15	5	10	0	12	33	10
Ayr United, ...	15	2	9	4	13	27	8

MORTON LUCKY AT PAISLEY.

ST MIRREN, 0; MORTON, 1.

St Mirren and Morton met at Paisley. A strong breeze blew throughout, and it was due to it that all the finer movements of the game were conspicuous by their absence. The outstanding feature was the failure of St Mirren. During the opening forty-five minutes they played against the breeze magnificently, their defence being splendid, and their attacks often extremely dangerous. With the breeze, however, they did not show up so well. There was a want of judgment, a want of steadiness in front of goal, and, too often, one player was in the way of another. They had also a few touches of bad luck, especially in the last minute, when Bradford pulled off too great saves for Morton.

In the closing stages, too, the Greenock men indulged in not a little kicking out, greatly to the annoyance of the local crowd. Both teams were splendidly served in their defence lines. Indeed, it was a compliment to the defenders that the score was restricted to one goal. The same compliment cannot be paid to the front lot. Though Buchanan scored the winning goal for Morton, that was the most he did. Seymour and Gourlay were their best front markers, and Marshall and Pringle were the best for St Mirren. Buchanan scored for Morton. There was an attendance of 10,000.

St Mirren—Richardson; Orrock and Callaghan; Brown, Logan, and Walls; Miller, Pringle, Marshall, Lindsay, and Durward.

Morton—Bradford; Morrison and Ormonde; Stevenson, Wright, and M'Lean; Grant, Gourlay, Buchanan, Seymour, and Broad.

HOW CLYDEBANK DREW.

HAMILTON A, 3; CLYDEBANK, 3.

A heavy gale and rain-sodden pitch were two factors which mitigated against a bright display at Douglas Park yesterday. Clydebank, on the whole, created a good impression. Scientific tactics were discarded, and stamina, combined with ability of manipulating the leather on the rain-sodden pitch, was the credentials which brought the players into prominence. Play in the first half was keen and spirited. In the second half there was no doubt that the home side was the better team, although Clydebank was not behind in tackling and defence.

One is bound to admit that the result was a fair one, as neither side held any great advantage. Goals were procured for Clydebank by Travers and Goldie, and by Purdie, M'Namee, and M'Neil for the Accies. Clydebank played on solid and businesslike lines. In M'Turk they have a gem of a goalkeepr. He was severely tested, and came out of the ordeal with flying colours. The backs both stood up valiantly to their work, and if they occasionally fluked in their kicking that was not surprising in view of the elements. The pick of the intermediates was Jarvis, although the other two were not far behind. The attack at times was disjointed, and of the five, Goldie, Bulger, and Travers were most convincing. For the Accies, Eason was his usual self, and both M'Culloch and Miller were as safe as the bank. As a rule the ground team's intermediate, M'Namee, revels in conditions such as prevailed, and his display on this occasion was no exception to the excepted rule. Purdie was forceful and judicious. Graham, at centre forward, was in rare fettle, giving Greenhorn and M'Neil every opportunity to shine. Faulds and Greenhorn, in the main, satisfied the local spectators.

Hamilton Academicals—Mason; M'Allister and Miller; Purdie, M'Namee, and M'Lennan; M'Neil, Kelly, Graham, Faulds, and Greenhorn.

Clydebank—M'Turk; Fullarton and Ferguson; Walker, Jarvis, and Neish; Goldie, Brander, Bolger, Travers, and Croot.

CLOSE THING AT BOGHEAD.

DUMBARTON, 4; MOTHERWELL, 3.

The wind was master at Boghead on Saturday, and helped materially to decide the game between Dumbarton and Motherwell. The home side had the benefit of the gale in the first half, and, getting three goals ahead, were able to contest the second period with a better eye to the defensive. Goals came early. From a cross of Thom's, M'Culloch beat Rundell after two minutes' play, and the same player headed through a second before five minutes, this time from a foul taken by M'Gregor. The third goal came from a nice movement initiated by Ritchie, who passed across the goalmouth for Thom to tip through. Then Motherwell had a look-in. Lennie drove the ball down wind to Morgan, and he, taking it first time, left Miller helpless. Thom secured another goal for Dumbarton ere the whistle went.

As the second half proceeded it was seen that Dumbarton were holding up the attack better than the visitors had been able to do. Still, there was no keeping the ball away from Miller, and Ferguson put through a beauty. His side was robbed of another goal from a foul on the goal line, but then they were awarded a penalty just on the call of time, which he converted. And so the game ended, with Dumbarton leading by a single goal. For the home side, Miller was in form, and Marshall and M'Grorie did well. Raeside, at centre-half, blanketed Ferguson, and Ritchie and Thom were smart on the wing. Motherwell were also well served on the extremes. Rundell could not blame himself for the big count against him, while Finlayson was conspicuous in the defence.

Dumbarton—Miller; M'Grory and Marshall; Durnin, Raeside, and M'Gregor; Ritchie, Trotter, M'Culloch, Finnie, and Thom.

Motherwell—Rundell; Murray and Finlayson; M'Stay, Lees, and Stewart; Lennie, Rankin, Ferguson, Gardiner, and Morgan.

QUEEN'S PLUCKY LOSERS.

QUEEN'S PARK, 2; RANGERS, 3.

The gallant spiders made a plucky stand for the preservation of their home League record, but, with it all, they fell to the Light Blues.

M'DERMID, Rangers.

They stood 2 goals up at fifteen to go, when the Rangers made a successful whirlwind finish, and won by the odd goal, the three being scored inside ten minutes. Rangers were at full strength, the Queen's making a change forward. A strong wind went with the Queen's, and they quickly made good, Alan Morton scoring in seven minutes. It took Queen's twenty minutes to again get the better of the Govan keeper. Loose play on the left, and Cresswell put across to R. M. Morton, who was unmarked. He took it first time with his left, and lobbed in a ball that Hempsey misjudged, and Queen's stood 2 up. A solo run by Brown, a shot by Cairns, and a great drive by R. M. M., were the incidents of note, and Queen's were decidedly the more penetrative lot first half, and their lead of 2 was deserved on play.

The boot was on the other foot second half, and Rangers pressed consistently, while Gordon was outstanding by the nearness of many missing shots. Queen's put up a gallant stand, and for thirty minutes countered the "Govanites" every move. Then it was that Stevenson took upon himself the part of a goalkeeper, and fisting off, Archibald Gordon "housed" the penalty. With the breaking of the "duck" Rangers were nerved to win, and a shot from Archibald being mulled, Brown went in and drove into the net. Queen's fate was sealed when Archibald pounced on a ball close in and bulged the rigging. The Queen's did well, but Rangers were the better side by reason of their strength at half, and more cohesive movements forward. For Queen's Duncan, Stevenson, and Cowan were good in defence, while forward none bettered A. L. Morton, Cresswell, and Aitken. Hempsey stood safe for the Rangers. The Manderson-Blair combine did not shine. Gordon was the most conspicuous player afield. Bowie the star forward, with Archibald and Cairns next in order of merit. Attendance, 12,000.

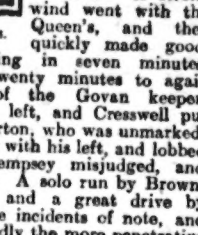
Queen's Park—H. Duncan; A. Stevenson and A. Ford; A. Cowan, K. M'Kenzie, and D. M. Inglis; R. M. Morton, W. J. Aitken, W. Grant, E. Cresswell, and A. L. Morton.

Rangers—Hempsey; Manderson and Blair; Gordon, Dixon, and Pursell; Archibald, Bowie, Brown, Cairns, and M'Dermid.

"BAIRNS" HUMBLE HEARTS.

HEARTS, 0; FALKIRK, 2.

A cold day, a moderate game, and a small attendance might sum up the League match at Tynecastle. Both teams had changes forward, Falkirk introducing a local lad in Syme (Kilsyth Rangers) at outside left, and giving Barrie, their erstwhile right half, a trial at centre forward. On their first half display Hearts did not deserve to be a goal down. What looked like a "handle" by



M'CULLOCH, Falkirk.

M'Leod passed unrewarded by the referee, who gained disfavour a little later by refusing to grant a goal for a ball sent in by Honeyman, which looked, from the pressbox, as though it were over the line before Allan got rid of it. To make matters worse for the home team, a breakaway by Syme gave Harvie the leather, and he, after eluding M'Intosh, beat Black. Much of Hearts' value was lost in "feckless" work by Newbigging and others when near Falkirk's goal. In this half Simpson had been little seen, but after the interval he blossomed out, and gave Ross and M'Intosh a lot of running. One great centre of his from the touch-line was converted by Syme, but one of the linesmen assisted the referee to the finding that the ball in its flight towards Black had gone over the bye-line. Harvie missed a "pinch" some minutes later, and at this time Falkirk had the upper hand. An accurately-placed corner by Simpson brought out another goal for the Bairns, Croal being the scorer. This ended the scoring, but Black had a lot to do, and Hearts' overtures in the direction of Allan only served to show up the steadiness of M'Millan and M'Leod. M'Culloch was Falkirk's best half. M'Tavish, Harvie, and Croal were also outstanding on the Falkirk side. For the Hearts, M'Intosh, Sharp, Mercer, Sinclair, and Millar were prominent. Hearts would do well to reintroduce Drummond at centre forward.

Hearts—Black; Kiernan and M'Intosh; Sharp, Mercer, and Ross; Sinclair, Millar, Newbigging, Gibson, and Honeyman.

Falkirk—Allan; M'Millan and M'Leod; Scott, Comrie, and M'Culloch; Simpson, M'Tavish, Harvie, Croall, and Sime.

CHAMPION'S CLEAR VICTORY.

CELTIC, 2; HIBS, 0.

In a gale that spoiled play to a large extent, Celtic took a couple of points from Hibs. They won comfortably. The gale kept Hibs well confined to their own half of the field during practically the whole of the first half, and even allowing for the fact that M'Menemy was off for fifteen minutes, it is somewhat surprising that Celts got only the one goal. On the other hand, the visiting defence put up a great fight, M'Manus repeatedly saving some great shots, aided as they were by the wind. M'Menemy went off after about three minutes' play, but with such a gale behind them the remaining ten kept up a stiff pressure, and without the internationalist they got their goal in about fifteen minutes. It was a good effort. M'Atee sent in a great drive, M'Manus saved, but failed to hold, and M'Lean had no difficulty in pushing the ball into the net. On returning, M'Menemy played outside to Browning during the rest of the game, and sent in some splendid crosses, but got no more goals in the first period. Although Celts pressed so hard, Hibs' forwards were not idle, and on three occasions might have scored. Once M'Nair's famous passes back to Shaw almost proved fatal, the wind catching the ball, and the keeper just clearing in time from Millar. M'Candless had the best effort of the half, when he grazed the corner of the upright. Again Miller dribbled well for position and gave Kerr the opportunity to shoot, Shaw having not a little trouble to save.

With a better control of the ball, and well backed by their "halves," Celts' forwards did much better than Hibs against the wind. It was a spirited period, with quite a lot of good going by both sides, but the visitors failed to take advantage of the wind, although Shaw had quite a lot of work to do. One great drive from Meaney stung him badly, for he nursed himself quite a while after it. Hibs had quite a number of corners, from one of which M'Candless netted the ball without its being touched by another player. Towards the close Celts again scored, Dodds netting from a free kick just outside the penalty box. For the victors, M'Nair, Dodds, Cringan, Gallacher, M'Lean, and Browning were best. For the Hibs, M'Manus, Borthwick, Gordon, Meaney, and Millar were most useful.

Celtic—Shaw; M'Nair and M'Gregor; Dodds, Cringan, and Brown; M'Atee, Gallagher, M'Lean, M'Menemy, and Browning.

Hibernian—M'Manus; Borthwick and Dornan; Kerr, Gordon, and R. Smith; Kilpatrick, Meaney, Miller, Moir, and M'Candless.

AYR BEATEN AT HOME.

AYR UNITED, 0; KILMARNOCK, 3.

The gale played ducks and drakes with what might have otherwise been a really good game at Somerset Park. 4000 spectators assembled, and the League leaders had plenty of supporters. The United played Gibbon (Rutherglen Glencairn) at centre forward, and rearranged their front line somewhat, while Kilmarnock, being without Culley, played Fulton as pivot. Only one point was scored in the first half. In seven minutes the visitors scored through Fulton, who rushed in and thwarted Lock as he was in the act of clearing from M'Phail. The home forwards were sometimes dangerous, and six and seven corners, nicely placed, might have been improved upon. The ball had the tantalising habit of going everywhere but where it was wanted, and such clever footwork went for naught.

The second half had scarcely opened when M'Phail carried along the touch line and cut in, shooting strongly. Lock partially saved, but managed to recover in the nick of time, with Fulton in close attendance. Controlling the ball well, Ayr for a long time gave a surprising display in the open, and only weak finishing robbed them of what was their award on play. From one of two corners Middleton came near doing the trick, and Crosbie also had a good try. Somehow when the Killie forwards got a move on they were always dangerous, as Lock knew too well, Hamilton and Rutherford being on the target with two fine efforts. In the closing stage he had to own defeat from a fine shot by M'Phail, striking the net, and rebounding into play. Several Ayr players, and Lock in particular, strongly protested, possibly on the ground that two of the forwards were offside at the moment, but the referee apparently had no doubt in the matter. In the glare of light had fallen towards the end Hamilton put in a pass from the left, and Ayr were beaten by three goals. It would be invidious to criticise the players on such a day as this, so it to say that the leaders won fairly on their clever tactics forward, backed up by a resolute half-back line.

Ayr—Lock; Bell and Brock; Hay, M'Laughlin; Devine, Crosbie, Gibbons, and Middleton.

Kilmarnock—Blair; Hamilton and Manderson, Goldie, and Mackie; Hamilton, Shelton, Rutherford, and M'Phail.

THIRD LANARK'S SURPRISE.

AIRDRIEONIANS 0; THIRD LANARK 3.

The boisterous weather told against tendance at Airdrie. Anderson was out of the Airdrie team and Ro inside right to Galbraith. Charl formerly of Rangers, stripped for The 'Onions kicked off with their backs, and during the generally speaking, Third were fensive, but their defence was Airdrie pressed, their play lack tion. As a matter of fact, shots so few and far between that ever handled the leather. From away Duncan scored for the from close range, and the interval Cathkin side leading by one goal

The second half was a repe first—Third the aggressors and defenders—with this difference Lanark excelled in shooting. Br on a second goal for his side minutes from the call of time Bisset big kick from mid-field, complete Bernard, and a third goal was visitors played confidently all their victory was one of outstandi Their defence was solid and their good, Bisset being the hero of the drie were disappointing, Hart alo the only one of the eleven who gave a play worthy of special mention. perhaps the best half on view. first win at Broomfield for Thirds in years.

Airdrie—Bernard; M'Donald and Wa ston, Kennedy, and Hart; Galbraith, R nall, Donaldson, and Paterson.

Third Lanark—Robb; M'Cormack and Walker, Hannah, and Brown; Bisset, R can (Dunfermline Athletic), Weir, and T

£100 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Here is an opportunity of winning £100. All you have to do is to forecast sixteen results. There is NO NEED TO GIVE SCORES.

The competitor who gives the sixteen correct results gets the £100. In the event of more than one competitor being correct the prize will be divided.

If no competitor sends in a coupon giving sixteen correct results, a Consolation Prize of £10 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the coupon with the largest number of correct results.

In the event of more than one competitor sending in a coupon with the same number of correct results, the Consolation Prize will be divided.

On the accompanying form you will find a list of sixteen matches which are to be played on Saturday, December 1.

RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

Strike out in black ink the name of the team you think will lose. Any other form of marking will disqualify your entry. If in your opinion the game will end in a draw, leave the names of the competing teams.

In the event of any of the matches not being played or being abandoned or postponed, the prize of £100 will not be awarded, but the offer of the consolation prize will still hold.

Any number of entry forms may be enclosed in the same envelope.

Any entry form on which an alteration of description has been made will be disqualified.

Each competitor must give his or her real address and must write his or her signature and address in ink.

In all matters relating to this competition the Editor's decision is final and legally binding. Competitors may enter only on this understanding.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED DECEMBER 1

Bolton Wan.	v. Stockton C.
Rochdale	v. Stoke
Preston N.E.	v. Manchester U.
Bradford City	v. Barnsley
Huddersfield T.	v. Sheffield Un.
Sheffield Wed.	v. Bradford
Notts County	v. Leeds City
West Ham Un.	v. Chelsea
Fulham	v. Tottenham H.
Queen's P.R.	v. Millwall
Clydebank	v. Queen's Park
Falkirk	v. Airdrieonians
Hibernians	v. St Mirren
Morton	v. Celtic
Third Lanark	v. Partick T.
Clyde	v. Hearts

I enter this Competition in accordance with the printed conditions in "The Post Sunday Special," and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding.

Signature, ...

Address, ...

.....

.....

This competition is run in conjunction with "Weekly News."

The Editor cannot accept responsibility for loss or non-delivery of any entry form, nor accept proof of postage as proof of delivery.

No correspondence can be entered into in connection with this competition.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any entry, but agrees not to disqualify without good and sufficient reason.

Entries must be sent by post to "£100 Results Editor," "The Post Special," 138 Port-Dundas Road, Glasgow, posted so that they reach us not later than first post on Wednesday, November 28.

Result of Football Contest—Matches Played on Nov. 17.

No one correctly forecasted all the results in the contest, but one competitor submitted a coupon showing two errors. Our Consolation Prize of £10 has therefore been awarded to R. A. [illegible], Alma Street, Falkirk.

ISTLE SWAMP CLYDE.

RTICK THISTLE, 3; CLYDE, 0.

rtick Thistle swamped Clyde to a greater extent than the score of three to nothing would indicate. The field team was just about as feckless as has appeared on the Queen's Cross this season. All three goals were in the first half, Neil Harris having and King the other, but Harris ought have found the net without difficulty ral times early after the cross over. fact that Thistle played all the second and part of the first without Hamil- the centre half, who was injured, shows a cake-walk the homesters had. gleton certainly was not to blame for defeat of the Clyde. The Shawfield e was very alert and confident. e opening goal came in ten minutes, e catching a cross from the right and ing the ball into the net. The goal by Harris, just afterwards, was a ristic effort, a hard shot glancing Neil's head into the corner of the net. same player scored a really clever goal he banged the leather hard into the er of the net, Shingleton flinging him- in an abortive effort to get his hand at ball. lich had an off-day, his kicking and ing being faulty, but Adams put the kers on Shimmon. Joe Harris was the half back, and King was the cleverest ard, although Bowie and Whittle put me telling work. Neil Harris was off shooting in the second half. he Clyde defence had a gruelling time. rie was the better back, but there was half back on the field to equal Cameron, put in a tremendous amount of clever . The forwards were very poor, ris and Rae being the pick, but there a lack of cohesion and understanding ng them as a line. This department require stiffening up if Clyde are to ove their position. Thistle have yet to mbled on their own ground this on.

rtick Thistle—Ferguson; Adams and Bulloch; ers Hamilton, and M'Mullan; Whittle, Mar- N Harris King, and Bowie. e—Shingleton; M'Lennan and Thorpe; Daly, n and Cameron; Morris, Watson, Rae, Cham- and Shimmon.

LOFTUS CUP.

A FINE WIN FOR DUNDEE.

DUNDEE, 2; DUNDEE HIBS, 1.

e game at Tannadice was cram full of excit- passages and incidents. First, Hibs were ded a goal after a scrimmage in front of An- on's charge. There is still some dubiety as to ther the ball ever crossed the line. To those position to judge the ball seemed about a from the line when it slipped from the cus- 's hands. the second half, when Dundee got the benefit the stiff breeze, Balfour was tried and not d wanting. Several times he brought off really rilous saves. One of these was a penalty taken M'Donald. This player sent in a fast ground which Balfour saved with his feet. At last visitors penetrated the Hibs' defence, and ras equalised. Hibs retaliated in determined ion, but the wind was their undoing. Never- s Anderson was called upon several times e hot ones. In the last few minutes of the Dundee snatched victory through Duffus head- behind Balfour's reach. Best for Dundee— Duffus, Herron, Murray, and Lamb. Losers best served by Ballour, Thomson, Taylor, M'Cabe, Nairn, and M'Guire. dee Anderson; M'Donald and Burns; Nairn, r, and Duffus; Herron, Moyes, Taylor, and Lamb. Ballour; Thomson and Taylor; Bellamy, and Fitchie; M'Cabe, Gilligan, Nairn, and Brown.

WESTERN CUP.

FALL FOR JOHNSTONE.

EVENSTON U., 2; JOHNSTONE, 1.

enston United for the first time in eight Saturdays, finished on the winning side. eather was against good football. Against and Stevenston played a forcing game, which atterly rewarded. Skinner taking the ball well and on the Stevenston right, crossed nicely to ch who with a fast shot sent the ball past for No. 1. Stevenston after this success con- ed to force the play in their opponents' terri- and Sowerby was again conspicuous by a nice which was stopped by the crossbar. With time, however, the visitors often spelt and in the last minute of the first half drew level through G. Paton, who, taking ad- e of a miskick by a defender, sent the ball an empty goal. the second half Stevenston had the advantage strong breeze, but made little of it. The stone defence played well, and but for a well- goal by Farrell, gave little away. Both were best served by their defences. Final:— ston 2; Johnstone, 1. Scorers—Sowerby and for Stevenston United, and J. Paton for one.

GOOD SHOW AT ALEXANDRIA.

ALE OF LEVEN, 1; ALBION R., 1.

though Vale of Leven turned out minus several ional players, they put up a brave show the Western Cup-tie at Millburn Park. The League champions played their strongest while Vale introduced a few "dark horses." Brown scored for Vale in fifteen minutes, and Hudson was lucky to clear from Speirs. A ter of an hour after the resumption Rovers father unexpectedly. Wharrier ran out and Corcoran, getting the ball, placed an open goal. Play was fast, and a draw indicates the run of the game. Bennett, and Dick, of Vale, collided in the clos- and had to be taken to the pavilion. were best served by Wharrier, Dick, Speirs, and Mailley; while on the Rovers' side, brothers Ewing, Corcoran, and Bennett outstanding.

£50 TROT.

large gathering witnessed the decision of the £50 trotting handicap at Glasgow yesterday. final Fleenstown, the favourite, gained an victory by beating George IV. by three lengths. £30) Mr Gerkin's Fleenstown (70); 2 Mr Traill's George IV. (owes 50); 3 (£3) Mr Willie H. (50). Also ran—Mr Ferguson's Mr Houston's Miss Kenilwood (120), Maggie (325). Betting—4 to 1 on 6 to 1 against Skipper, 10 to 1 Kenilwood, 12 to 1 others. Won by Same distance between second and 2 min. 27 secs. Heat winners £2

re in doubt about a Christmas present, o better than fix your choice upon a Fountain Pen. It is appropriate for ing and old of both sexes, while for have friends in the Navy or Army— not—a "Swan" is especially happy that is easily sent by post. Your Jeweller will show you many models from at pre-war prices ranging from An illustrated list will be sent application to the manufacturers, & Co., Limited, 79-80 High Holborn,

EASTERN LEAGUE.

EASTERN LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Cowdenbeath, ...	11	6	3	2	27	8	10
Raith Rovers, ...	12	6	4	2	23	16	14
Dundee, ...	11	6	4	1	25	27	13
Armadale, ...	11	4	4	3	26	19	11
Dunfermline, ...	11	4	6	1	24	27	9
East Fife, ...	11	4	6	1	15	21	9
Dundee Hibs, ...	11	2	7	2	10	24	6

RAITH LOSE AT HOME.

RAITH ROVERS, 0; COWDENBEATH, 3.

Cowdenbeath's visit to Raith Rovers was expected to furnish one of the best and closest games witnessed at Stark's Park this season, but a boisterous gale was blowing in great gusts across the field, and the ball was out of all control. Cowdenbeath played the game that suited the elements, quick low passing when attacking, and packing their goal when pressed. Before the game was very old they had taken a lead of two goals, and in the second half they added a third. On the other hand, the Raith backs spread themselves about too much for such a day, while the forwards showed little or no combination.

It was Cowdenbeath's day out without a doubt, though they did have a deal of luck with their second and third goals. One was the result of the ball being accidentally kicked against Grieve, Raith's centre half, and rebounding past Kerr into the net. The other was a long drive by Gow, which, carried by the wind under the bar, and into the net. The other, scored by M'Kay, was a well-won goal. Best for Cowdenbeath were Stewart (Falkirk), Birrell, Gillespie, Gow, and Gibbons, and for Rovers Kerr, Muir, Hutchison, M'Kinnon, and M'Lean.

Raith Rovers—Kerr; Stuart and Muir; Hutchison, Grieve and Currie; Young, Abbot, Weightman, M'Lean, and M'Kinnon.

Cowdenbeath—Stewart (Falkirk); Birrell and Rowan; Terris, Gillespie, and Ross; Gow, Gibbons, M'Kay, Muir, and Kelly.

BIG WIN FOR DUNFERMLINE.

DUNFERMLINE ATH., 4; EAST FIFE, 0

Dunfermline Athletic and East Fife met at East End Park, Dunfermline. With a boisterous wind behind them, the Athletic started well, and in five minutes a faulty clearance by Paterson gave W. Fisher a chance of scoring the opening goal. East Fife endeavoured to get into touch with Malcolm, but the wind beat them. The homesters had easily a monopoly of the play, and but for their fine defence the Methilites would have found themselves much further in arrears. The stress pressure soon told, however, and Neave, with a hard drive, gave Dunfermline their second point. Another goal quickly followed by W. Fisher, and just on the interval the same player brought the Athletic's total to four.

As was to be expected, it was mostly East Fife's game in the second half, but although they bombarded the home goal times without number, they failed to score. Their formidable lead gave the Athletic confidence, and Malcolm in goal, Denby, Brown, and Bennett gave a good account of themselves. In the forward line the most prominent players were W. Fisher, Neave, and "Hollier." Outstanding for East Fife, who played a hard game, were Paterson, in goal, Bennett, Allan, Robertson, Hamilton, and Neish.

WESTERN LEAGUE.

WESTERN LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	A.	Pts.
Albion Rovers, ...	13	8	3	2	31	16	18
Renton, ...	13	8	4	1	23	18	17
Arthurlie, ...	13	8	4	1	31	21	17
Dumbarton Harp, ..	14	6	6	2	26	25	14
Stevenston United,	14	6	7	1	23	26	13
Abercorn, ...	14	3	6	5	15	21	11
Johnstone, ...	14	3	7	4	18	34	10
Vale of Leven, ...	13	3	8	2	16	22	8

FIVE AGAINST THE WIND.

ARTHURLIE, 7; DUMBARTON H., 1.

Arthurlie maintained their good record in defeating Dumbarton Harp by no fewer than six goals. The feature of the game was the display of Arthurlie in the second half against a gale of wind, scoring no fewer than five goals, while the Harp failed to count.

With only a lead of one goal at half-time, Arthurlie were expected to have a stiff journey, so strong was the wind. They rose, however, to the occasion, and pulled off a good win. The Harp, in the second half especially, were disappointing, and never at any time looked like scoring. Arthurlie were well served all over, Stewart scoring three goals, and doing the hat-trick.

RENTON ROMP HOME.

RENTON, 2; ABERCORN, 0.

Renton were able to take full points off Abercorn in their match at Renton, and this despite the fact that they were minus the services of Campbell, Cook, and Ritchie. Early in the game Henderson brought off a magnificent save from J. Black after Mackay, the Renton back, had miskicked. Renton had more of the play in the first half, but Fitzgerald, the Paisley keeper, would not be beaten, and the interval arrived with a blank scoresheet.

Five minutes after the resumption Haddow opened the scoring for Renton, while twelve minutes later the same player added a second goal. Soon afterwards Welsh struck the post, with the keeper beaten, but the ball rebounded into play. It was quite an easy victory for Renton, for whom Clark, Porteous, Wightman, Haddow, and Welsh rendered good service. On the Abercorn side Fitzgerald, Smith, Sankey, Pollock, and Black were outstanding.

QUOITING.

James Hamilton, Cambuslang, and Wm. Kilpatrick, Rutherglen, met at Lightburn in a return stake match for £20. It was quite a close game, and Hamilton reversed a previous four-shot defeat into an eight-shot victory. Hamilton was deadly in the closing stages. Result:—Hamilton, 61; Kilpatrick, 53.

Hector M'Kinley, Larbert, 61; Charles Watt, Camelon, 55. £20 match at Falkirk.

James Thomson, Falkirk, 41; A. Pringle, Falkirk, 33. £20 match at Falkirk.

David Scott, Standburn, 31; A. Menzies, Bannockburn, 21. £2 match at Falkirk.

Jamie Henderson, Lesmahagow, is forward with a challenge to play either Andrew Smith or John Brown, Auchenbegg, for £5 or £10 at 18 yards distance.

Andrew Smith, Auchenbegg, challenges L. Mitchell, Devonburn, 18 yards, 61 shots up, for £5. "Disc" will take the acceptance.

Tash Dyet, of Auchenbegg, fancies himself against all local comers at 21 yards. What says Darroch or D. Brown for a try for the tenner?

R. Brown, Wishaw, gives Kerr Law the option of a match, and names the figure at £10 or £20. Anything doing?

Lawrence Winters, Uddingston, and John Jamieson, Grange, are matched for a return game at Larkhall. The latter's backers want the venue shifted to Bo'ness. Winters wants the original arrangement carried out, and offers to play Jamieson other two games, home and home, the spin of the coin to decide the venue of first game. That's a sporting offer for Bo'ness.

BILLIARDS.

Stevenson (in play), ...	7860
Inman, ...	4409

Morton had all the luck at Love Street. Archibald's winning goal at Hampden was a beauty.

Hughie Ferguson was well blanketed at Boghead.

M'Namee was the best half on the field at Hamilton.

M'Manus kept a tip-top goal for the Hibs at Parkhead.

The Simpson-M'Tavish combination is proving a good thing for Falkirk.

WHIPPETING.

GLASGOW.

A double programme, consisting of last week's semi-finals and final, along with thirty preliminary heats, made up the card at Glasgow yesterday. Little by Little beat the favourite, Councillor, by a head in the final. Details:—First Semi-Final—M'Lean's Spider (19½). Second Semi-Final—Nisbet's Little by Little (8½). Third Semi-Final—Burns' Councillor (11). Fourth Semi-Final—M'Laren's Blue Boy (15). Final—1 (£21) Little by Little; 2 (£3) Councillor; 3 Spider. Also ran—Blue Boy. Betting—o to 4 on Councillor, 2 to 1 each against Spider and Little by Little, 6 to 1 Blue Boy. Won by a head.

200 Yards Open Handicap (first prize £21, second £3, heat winners 3s each)—The following were successful:—Aitchison's Sammy (13½), Drain's True Boy (25), Park's Crookston Lass (27½), Mackie's Ruby (32), Brady's Dick (29), Craig's Water Works (26), Burnie's Foam (25½), O'Donnell's Beewing (29), Wilson's Jack Easy (23) and Young's Handicap (23) (dead heat), M'Ghee's Privacy (19½), Whitelaw's Lady Trumpet (26½), M'Crae's Wild Lassie (34), Cameron's Break of Day (7), Adair's Heather Queen (27½), Coutts' Blue Girl (26), Kirkwood's Sir Hugo (23), King's Annie II. (32), Burns' Cardean (25), Kerr's Peggy (24), Barr's May Dew (22), Vasey's Old Nell (25½), Kane's Lily II. (21), Watson's Fighting Mac (18), King's Isa (32½), Graham's Jellyhill Lass (23½), Sloan's Sarah Brown (28), Burns' Beeswax (14), Docherty's Lanamore (31½), Craig's Black Duchess (31½), Paterson's Snap (20).

EDINBURGH.

The programme at Powderhall Grounds yesterday consisted of a 75 yards handicap, for which there were 162 entries. The preliminaries were run off, and the second ties and finals will be contested next Saturday. A 190 yards handicap was run in thirty heats, and produced nearly 200 entries.

The following are the finaliste:—Lees' (Leith) Cheers (34); Buchan's (Bonnybridge) Revue (31); Meek's (Middlemill) Black Jet (33); Miller's (Tabbank) Downer (33); Leitch's (Milnathort) Gaiedi Girl (34). Final result—£8, Gaiedi Girl. Other finalists, 10s each. Betting—2 to 1 on Revue, 5 to 1 against Gaiedi Girl, 3 to 1 Cheers, 6 to 1 Black Jet, 10 to 1 Downer. A good race. Won by a foot. Time—10½ secs.

COATBRIDGE.

The weekly handicap was run yesterday. The programme opened with the final rounds of previous week's racing. Results:—First Semi-Final—1 Canavan's Creeping Jenny (32); 2 Wilkie's Spark (24). Second Semi-Final—1 Montgomery's More Beer (15); 2 Wilson's Lady Ann (29). Third Semi-Final—1 Swan's Ladylike (15); 2 Pettigrew's Kino (34). Final—1 Kino, 2 Spark. Betting—5 to 1 against Kino, 4 to 1 against Spark. The favourites were out of it. The following were the winners of the various heats in new handicap:—Wilson's Robin Gray (18), Pender's Black Nell (31), Cullen's My Pet (28), Carr's Look Sharp (32), M'Callum's Too Wet (38), Martin's Collier's Son (27), Maxwell's Mischief (34), Gallagher's Chapelhall Lass (32), Faulkener's Lightning (36), M'Ghie's Poet Boy (34), O'Brien's Monkey (33), Sam's Billy (38), Thomson's Hurry On (35), M'Guire's Stirabout (28), M'Kenna's Dick (25), Deans' Sun Queen (29), Swan's Ladylike (15), Clark's Patience (26), Willie's Spark (24), Faulkener's Aunt Fanny (33), Bell's Foremost (26), Hare's Lady Isa (34), Hunter's Nimble Penny (29).

LOCHGELLLY.

1 Mr Reddington's (Glencraig) Benarty Lad (17); 2 Mr Young's (Bowhill) Minney (20); 3 Mr Robertson's (Kelty) Britannic (18½); 4 Mr Henderson's (Dunfermline) Bluebell (18). Betting—Evens on Benarty Lad.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

London, Saturday Night.

A strong tonic was needed in order to pull the Stock markets out of the torpor into which they had fallen owing to the Italian and Russian news. Fortunately this was provided by the brilliant war intelligence from the Western front. At the same time, as far as the markets are concerned, the effects have been neutralised to a certain extent by the growing concentration on National War Bonds, the new £3,000,000 New South Wales Loan, and the forthcoming new French Four Per Cent. Loan, which is expected to be offered here on Thursday, at about 62½.

Industrials Outstanding.

Fortunately, from the point of view of business, the various sections of the Industrial department have come to the rescue, although it has usually been the case for the provincial centres to give the lead, and for London to take up the running.

Iron and Steel and Armament shares have been buoyant, at sharp advances in all directions. Speculative investors, who would like to be in the fashion, might devote some attention to Shelton Iron, at about 24s 3d, in view of the favourable position of this company, by reason of the fact that for Government work Shelton is being specified in place of Swedish iron.

In the Shipping division the market is running past itself in such shares as Clan Line, Mercantile S.S., Redcrofts, &c., especially as most of the rumours recently current have been denied.

Latest Points on Rubbers.

So far the persistent weakness of the commodity has had very little effect upon the Rubber Share market. Unless prices take a turn for the better presently, the movement is bound to be taken more into consideration. Operators, especially in the North, are getting uneasy also as regards the possibility of the older companies being brought within the scope of the Excess Profits Duty. That would only be fair, especially considering the unduly large part of this burden at present being borne by the younger concerns.

By the way, with reference to our remarks on Central Sumatra Rubber, it should have been stated that the shares dealt in in the market are of the face value of 10s (not £1) fully paid. Under these circumstances, at the present price of 18s 3d, they must be considered fully valued, especially as dividends are still some time ahead.

Oils in High Feather.

Oil shares have been a favourite market this week, but it is noticeable that investors have confined their attention to the leading descriptions.

The Burmah Company, through its holding of Anglo-Persians, receives the equivalent of an additional 3 per cent. dividend on its own shares, so that the shareholders have every justification in looking for a bonus, either in cash or shares.

The other feature has been the mobolisation of Royal Dutch shares by the Treasury, resulting in holders refilling their portfolios with Shells, and causing a fresh upward bound in the latter to 5 7-16.

The Mining Market.

The chief feature in Mining shares was the further sharp advance in Standard Tin to £285 for cash, from which there has been a slight reaction, but the market is again hardening.

Amongst Nigerian Tin shares, Rayfield have risen to 13s 9d, and Naraguta Extended to 12s 6d.

Kaffirs shares have been rather quiet, but Rhodesians are on the up grade again; Chartered shares at 15s 3d, Tanganyika at 3⅝, Zambesia at 27s, while a number of the lower-priced shares are also improving.

Silver is on the down-grade, and has further declined to below 43d.

PIGEON SHOW AT AIRDRIE.

Airdrie, Saturday.

There were nearly 600 entries at the annual show of racing pigeons held to-day under the auspices of the Airdrie and District Flying Club. The prize-winners are as follows:—

Cock Flown 300 Miles—Pryde Bros., Noranside, Gorebridge. Hen Flown 300 Miles—A. Nicol, Larkhall. Cock Flown 200 Miles—Thos. Hamilton, Larkhall. Hen Flown 200 Miles—Frame Bros. Cock Flown 100 Miles—J. Shearer, Larkhall. Hen Flown 100 Miles—A. Nicol, Larkhall. Cock Flown 50 Miles—A. Nicol. Hen Flown 50 Miles—Scott & Ross, Markinch. Cock Bred Prior to 1917—A. Whitehouse, Wishaw. Cock Ring 1917—Wm. Morrison, Larkhall. Hen Ring 1917—A. Nicol, Larkhall. "Post Sunday Special" Prize—A. Nicol, Larkhall.

GROW BEAUTIFUL HAIR FREE!

A SUGGESTION ALL MAY ADOPT

1,000,000 Four-Fold Hair-Health and Beauty Outfits FREE

HERE is a great opportunity and a valuable gift for every reader of this paper.

If you desire to look young and well-groomed look to your hair. That is why the proprietors of the world-famous Hair-Growing Specific "Harlene" are offering 1,000,000 Outfits Free.

Here is a suggestion for you to adopt. Send for your "Harlene Hair-Drill" Four-Fold Gift and grow healthy, luxuriant and abundant hair. Why not decide to-day to banish hair poverty for ever? Why wear attenuated, thin, impoverished, lifeless locks of hair when all the rich sparkle and abundance of hair in its natural healthy condition is yours for the asking?

ACCEPT THIS WONDERFUL GIFT

There is no restriction to this gift distribution. It is sufficient that you are troubled with any form of hair "ailment" or that you desire to improve the appearance of your hair.

It is wonderful what only two minutes a day practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will achieve in the cultivation and preservation of a glorious head of hair. Try it free for one week. Accept one of the 1,000,000 Free 4-in-1 Gift Outfits offered to readers to-day. Simply send coupon below with your name and address and 4d. stamps for return postage and packing of parcel.

THE "HARLENE" WAY.

First of all cleanse the hair and scalp with a delightful "Cremex" Shampoo—there is no more pleasant, invigorating toilet exercise. Then sprinkle the hair with "Harlene," and gently massage the roots of the hair with your finger tips. Then add a few drops of "Uzon" Brilliantine to give the hair a final touch of brilliance.

See Gift Coupon below.

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO.

Every man desires to preserve a fresh, smart, crisp appearance, and in this respect the care of the hair is essential. The Free Gift Offer made in this announcement is open to every man, and they will find this two-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair Drill" a delightfully pleasant and beneficial toilet exercise.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your Chemist at 1/1½, 2/9, or 4/9 per bottle. (In solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, &c., at 2/9 per tin, with full directions.) "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1/- and 2/6 per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1/1½ per box of seven shampoos. (Single packets 2d each.)

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O. should be crossed.

The Gift Parcel comprises:—

1. **A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.**
2. **A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair Drill."**
3. **A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is "dry."**
4. **A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.**

Millions of men and women now practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" daily. They have tested and proved that this unique preparation, "Harlene," and its agreeable method of application, "Hair-Drill," is the surest way to overcome all hair defects, and that it is also the easiest way to ensure the perfect growth of long, silky, beautiful hair in abundance, glossy and bright.

There is therefore no need to continue to suffer from

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6. Scurf or Dandruff

Young women can maintain their hair in abundant beauty, and men and women of more mature years can regain all the lost lustre and health, whether it arises from illness, worry, overwork, or the passing of years.

FREE GIFT COUPON

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair Growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above.

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If your Chemist is sold out you can send Postal Order for 3s or 5s to The Laboratory, and bottle will be sent by return of post.

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The Marvellous Specific "Liq-u-fruta" that never fails—Chronic Asthma of over 20 Years' Standing; Terrible Racking Bronchitis; Lung Trouble when Sanatoria and Medical Treatment had Failed; Blood Spitting; Difficult Breathing; Bronchial Catarrh; Quinsy; Croup; Pneumonia; Nasal Catarrh; Laryngitis; Rasping Cough; Night Sweats; Choking Phlegm; Influenza; Emphysema.

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of Tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

As supplied to the Household of H.M. the King at Windsor Castle.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from Lung Trouble, and my doctor told me that I must be prepared for the end. Then I was glad I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and miraculously saved his life.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

Mr. Sachs, of Liverpool, on November 11th writes:—"I think it my duty to let you know the wonderful benefits I obtained by 'LIQUFRUTA' in my very severe case of Lung Trouble, which, had it not been for this remedy, would have led me to the inevitable end. In September, 1916, I contracted a cold and it settled on my lungs, and though I was under the care of a Doctor his prescriptions proved to be ineffectual, and instead of getting better I gradually became weaker, and you may be sure I was very miserable, knowing what the end would be. My attention was then directed to 'LIQUFRUTA,' and although I had lost faith in ever being better, I began to take it. In a short time I noticed a change in my condition, and I persevered. To make a long story short, I continued with 'LIQUFRUTA,' my appetite returned, the cough disappeared, and I began to put on flesh. To-day I am stronger than I ever was, and am able to get out in all weathers without the danger of contracting a cold.

'LIQUFRUTA' I can truthfully say has pulled me from the brink of the grave." Just as in the case of this gentleman, no matter how long you have suffered, no matter if the trouble is Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Nasal Catarrh, or Whooping Cough, no matter how many "remedies" you may have tried without avail, "LIQUFRUTA" THE MIGHTY HEALER will relieve or cure you if you will only give it a fair trial.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 580 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co., and all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-, or direct and Post Free from Mr W. Home-Newcombe, 642 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For abroad sufficient to cover postage must be added. For 2d. in stamps my book "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/-, will be sent Post Free.

Liquefruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Sir Julian Byng, who has smashed into the German line with such terrible effect, was at the outbreak of the war in command of the British army in Egypt. He distinguished himself by covering the retreat of the Belgian army from Antwerp. One of his feats was the evacuation of Suvla Plain, whilst he has also figured in many of the big pushes in and around Ypres. When he was leading the Canadian Corps known as the Ging Bangs he led it to the great victory of the Vimy Ridge early this year. He is fifty-five years of age, and comes of a family of great soldiers.

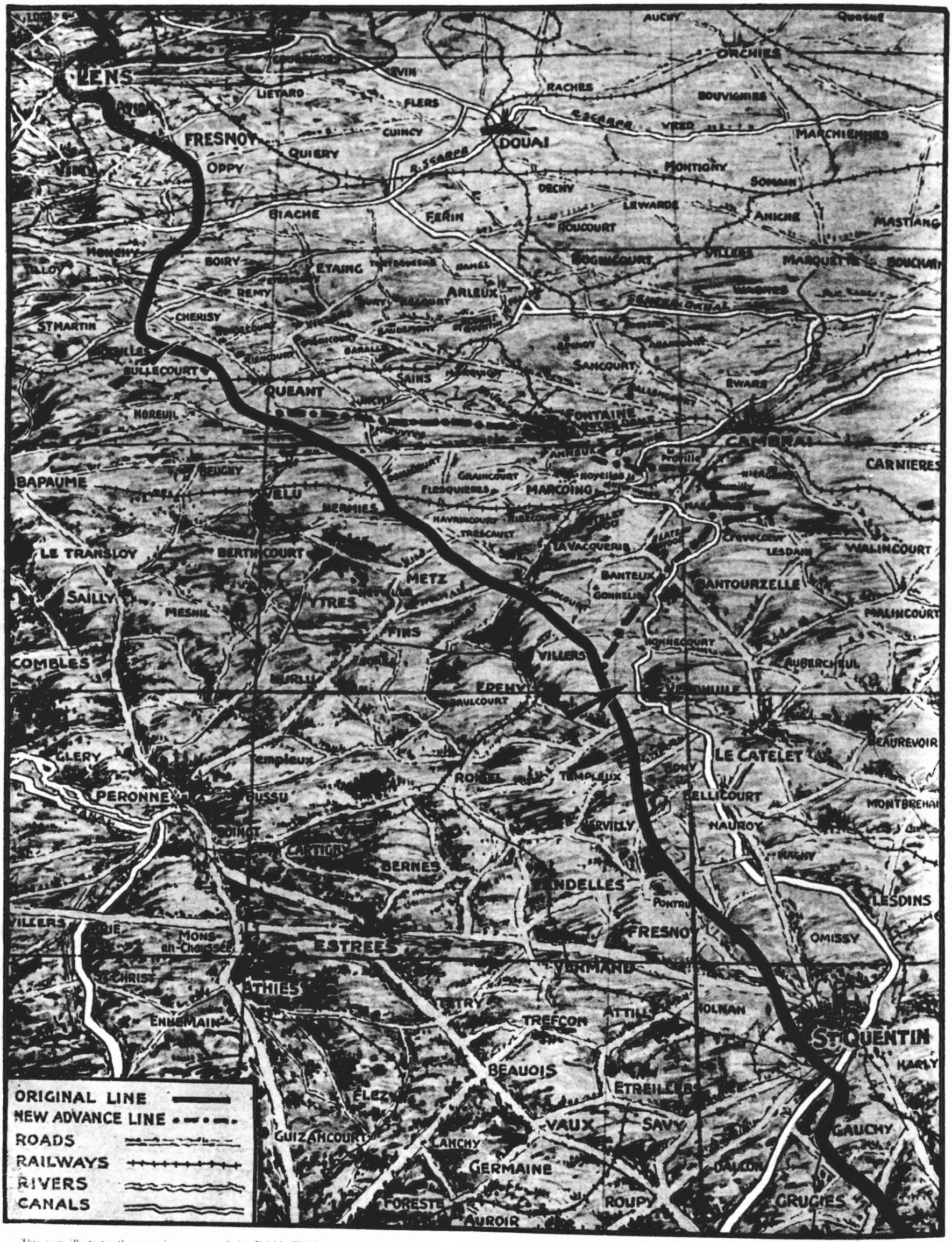
The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1917.

THE GREAT TRIUMPH OF THE TANKS.

Only a few days before the great British advance General Baron Von Ardenne, of the German army, declared that the role of the tanks was as good as played out. He has proved one of the biggest false prophets of the war, for during the past week the British tanks made their passage through the notorious Hindenburg belts of barbed wire as if they were paper. "What could we do?" said a captured German officer. "We could do nothing—we were amazed by the mobility of the tanks, by their dreadful power, and our men would not stand against them."

THE GREAT FORWARD MOVE ON THE BRITISH FRONT.



This map illustrates the sweeping success of the British Third Army on the front between Arras and St Quentin. So rapid was the progress of our gallant troops, in which Scotsmen once again covered themselves with glory, that in two days we gained at least half as much ground as was actually captured during the battle of the Somme. Moreover, the right of our advance is only about five miles from Haucourt, where the left flank of our line was posted at the battle of Le Cateau on August 26, 1914. On the left we are menacing every hour most important and vital spots in the Hindenburg line, whilst the approach towards Cambrai and its necessarily very far-reaching consequences is hailed with supreme satisfaction, for the great surprise attack has greatly heartened the army, the country, and our Allies. The tanks, the airmen, the infantry, and those in charge of the transportation and work of consolidation have performed some of the greatest feats of the war, as the capture of so much territory and so many thousands of prisoners prove.

THE MAP IS DRAWN IN PERSPECTIVE SCALE OF APPROXIMATELY 10 MILES TO THE SQUARE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

I.L.P. AND THIRTY-HOUR WEEK.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS AT FIFTY.

RAMSAY MACDONALD ON HIS DEFEAT.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Over 200 delegates attended a Scottish divisional conference of the Independent Labour Party held to-day in Edinburgh for the purpose of considering and adopting resolutions to be placed on the agenda of the national conference which takes place in April.

Mr James Maxton, M.A., who presided, referring to the General Election, said they were represented in the House of Commons for the first time in the history of their movement in Scotland—(applause)—Mr Neil Maclean having been elected in Glasgow and Mr Wm. Graham in Edinburgh. In the 1890 General Election they had no I.L.P. members returned from Scotland. The party in 1910 polled for its candidates 1513 votes. In the recent election I.L.P. candidates had polled 117,595 votes. The total Labour poll in Scotland in 1910 was 33,000 votes. In the 1918 election the poll was 319,572 votes. (Applause.) They had reason to be proud of this advance.

Taxes on Food.

A resolution was adopted calling on the Government immediately to socialise the land, coal mines, and all mineral wealth, quarries and railways; to establish a State service of shipping; to cheapen the price of foodstuffs by encouraging home production and by repealing all taxes on food; and to inaugurate a State banking system.

Five Days' Working Week.

The conference also agreed to call on the Government to introduce a Bill making the maximum week five days of six hours each—thirty hours in all, without lowering the standard of living.

No Conscription.

Fearing that war-time conscription should be permanently established, a resolution was moved by Galashiels calling upon the Government to abolish conscription and give the liberty to the people of Great Britain they were anxious to impose on Germany.

This was carried, as was also a resolution reaffirming the unbending opposition of the conference to compulsory military service, and demanding the immediate repeal of the Military Service Act.

It was also agreed to protest emphatically against repeated sentences of imprisonment passed on conscientious objectors and political prisoners, and calling on the Government to grant these men unconditional release and restitution of full civil rights.

Soldiers' Dependents.

A resolution in favour of the establishment of a Scottish Parliament was carried as against an amendment seeking to establish a Scottish Socialistic Government in Scotland, only two votes being cast for the amendment. "Two dissentients," declared the Chairman, "and one an Englishman." (Laughter and a voice "We are near Bannockburn.") The Chairman—That interjection is from an Irishman. (Laughter.)

With regard to separation allowances and pensions, the conference agreed to condemn the Government for the shabby treatment of the dependents of soldiers and sailors, and to demand that at least 30s a week be paid to the wife of a man on service, and 10s each for the children. The pensions to discharged and disabled men were also condemned as grossly inadequate.

Alliance With Labour Party.

A resolution that the I.L.P. sever its connection with the Labour Party was rejected, an amendment reaffirming the Conference's belief in the alliance being adopted.

On the question of old age pensions, it was agreed by a large majority that the minimum old-age pension should be 25s per week, rising as the cost of living advances, and to begin at the age of 50.

Members of Council.

The following were elected national members to the Divisional Council:—James Maxton, M.A.; Mrs Helen Crawfurd, William Regan, and Hugh B. Guthrie, M.A.

Stirling was selected as the scene of the next conference.

A resolution was passed in favour of a conference of Socialist organisations with a view to the establishment of a representative Socialist press.

MR RAMSAY MACDONALD AND ELECTIONS.

I.L.P. as "His Majesty's Government."

In the afternoon Mr Ramsay Macdonald addressed the conference. Cordially received, he said he was sorry to be defeated last week, and sorry to be out of the House of Commons. He believed that men could serve their kind and classes in the House of Commons as they could not anywhere else.

He thought Scotland had done well, and with a little more education and organisation the six wins might have been twenty.

He complained that the capitalist press misrepresented them, and emphasised the need of their party for a press of its own. They were considering starting a daily in London and an evening paper in Glasgow. A Parliament had been elected which was not entitled to claim moral authority; for, while the Coalition Unionists were elected by 12,000 electors each Labour member represented 40,000. The Independent Labour Party was going ahead, and he was sure that, instead of being the official opposition, it would in due time become His Majesty's Government.

IDENTITY OF FAMOUS GERMAN RAIDER.

HOW THE SECRET OF THE MOEWE WAS REVEALED.

(To the Editor of "The Post Sunday Special.")

Sir,—After reading the article by Mr Prendergast in your issue of Dec. 29, in which he refers to the German raider Moewe, I crave the liberty of offering my opinion and describing the ship as I found her during my five weeks' cruise in her as a prisoner of war.

We had heard so many rumours as to the number of raiders operating on the high seas that our curiosity was aroused to know the name of our captor, but of course the Hun would tell us nothing. So we set ourselves to find out. To a practised eye every little tells a story, and it did not take us long to see she had been a fruit carrier; but the name was what we wanted.

During our brief spells on deck none of the crew would give us any clue, and rarely would you find two men with the same name-band on their caps. So we had to look for something else. As no builder's nameplate could be seen, and there was no name on the bell, we were on the point of giving up our search when they started to clean ship. Then the secret fell out. On watching some coolies who were doing deck work, scrubbing the oars from one of the boats, we saw the name "s.s. Venetia" stamped on them It was there on all the oars, water casks, and boat's rudder. Later we saw it on cases which were being taken on deck. In fact, we found it on many things. I happened to know one of the crew, having sailed with him, and, when I put the question to him regarding the ship's name, he admitted her name was Venetia before the war, but he would not give the name which she was known by then.

She was a splendid ship put to a horribly bad use. I was only allowed on deck for very short intervals at a time if there was nothing in sight. I never went on deck and found her the same way painted or even the same rig two days in succession, and all her changing was done during the night or early morning.

Von Schlodan told us he would never allow his ship to be taken. He would blow her up and take his chances in the boats along with the rest of us; but we had absolutely no chance as we were all in the after 'tween decks, and only a very small door in the iron bulkhead for exit.

As soon as the ship passed Copenhagen all the crew appeared on deck in new uniforms and the name S.M.S. Moewe on their caps.

Sub-Lieut. Kohlmann came down below and talked to us, and he told us this was her second cruise with the same crew almost to a man.—I am &c.,

JAMES REID.

8 Admiralty Street, Leith.

MOTHERWELL SOLDIER DECORATED.

Sergeant Charles Holmes, Canadians, who has gained the Distinguished Conduct Medal, has been three years in France. He won the Military Medal in April. The sergeant is twenty-two years of age, and the son of Mr and Mrs Holmes, 4 Clyde Street, Motherwell.

DUNDEE HOUSES CONDEMNED.

Dundee, Saturday Night.

In the annual report dealing with the housing of the working classes, Mr Robert Mitchell, superintendent of the Sanitary Department, states that there were sixteen more houses available in December of last year than in the corresponding period for 1917.

The number of available houses had been augmented by the conversion of shops into living rooms, and no fewer than forty-seven shops had been thus dealt with. A systematic inspection of the houses had been conducted, principally in Ward 6, where the vital statistics, as brought out in the annual report by the medical officer of health, afforded occasion for deep concern to the officials entrusted with the safeguarding of the public health, and at thirteen properties twenty-five houses either in whole or in part had been certified as unfit for human habitation.

LANARK M.P.'s PLEA FOR FIGHTING MINERS.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Addressing a social gathering of mine managers to-night in the Christian Institute, Glasgow, under the auspices of the Scottish Mine Managers' Association, Mr Robert M'Laren, M.P. for North Lanark, acknowledged the support he had received in the recent election from the colliery managers in the mining districts of his division.

As an old colliery manager himself he knew something of the difficulties and perplexities which to-day encompassed the mine managers of Scotland.

There were many matters connected with mines in which miners, managers, and owners were interested. These questions would have his earnest and heartiest support in Parliament. (Applause.)

Proceeding, Mr M'Laren urged the managers to be sympathetic and kindly in their attitude to those "fighting lads of the pits" when they returned home. They were not to expect so much from the boys as before—at least for a time—but they were to do everything possible to find suitable employment for them. Remember what we owed to these men. They saved us. Nothing was too good for them.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

RUBBERS BRACING UP.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

The New Year in the Stock markets has started in quieter fashion than had been anticipated, but what has been lacking in business has been made up in confidence, and the special strength displayed in various departments is expected to spread gradually to other sections as soon as the markets generally have got into going order.

A Bull point for gilt-edged securities is the expectation of a very considerable reduction in war expenditure henceforth. It will, however, be possible to speak more clearly as regards the prospects of investment securities when particulars are available of the Government scheme for replacing the present issue of National War Bonds.

The steps which are now being taken for financial demobilisation should, also, help towards the restoration of more normal working conditions on the Stock Exchange.

Continued Activity in Industrials.

As expected, the Industrial market has commenced the New Year with a fresh flourish of trumpets, the chief Bull card being the prospect of further important bonus announcements.

Hopes run high in this respect in connection with a number of iron and steel companies, notably Vickers, Cammell Laird, and South Durhams.

South Durham shares now stand at 62s 6d, as compared with the pre-war price of 23s 10½d; but in the course of five years the company has placed over £500,000 to depreciation and £525,000 to reserve, which, together, equals the whole of the Debenture, Preference, and Ordinary capital.

The strength of the financial position gives rise to the hope that, sooner or later, some portion of the reserves will be capitalised. Similar expectations are entertained regarding other companies equally well placed financially.

Oils Active and Higher.

The forecast here of renewed activity in Oil shares has already been borne out by events, this market having been one of the outstanding features of late.

The rise is ostensibly due to the removal of the petrol restrictions, but the causes of the advance are probably of a more deep-seated character than that.

This is notable in the case of Burmah Oil shares, which have risen by leaps and bounds to 8 5-16, in sympathy with which British Burmahs have gone up to about 14s 9d.

Shell Transports have also been in favour, and Mexican Eagles have been liberally bought following the dividend deduction.

There has also been an active business in the Trinidad groups, as well as in the various departments of low-priced shares.

Amongst the latter especially numerous bargains are still to be acquired.

Rubber Shares Toning Up.

Rubber shares have been gradually bracing up since the turn of the year, and Northern operators in particular have been helping themselves freely to the moderately-priced descriptions, viz., those of the younger producing companies which stand to benefit most from the expected refunding of excess profits duty paid in the past, and from the forthcoming removal of this burden.

Prices of the material itself have been firm, but the outlook for the commodity can only be regarded as "set fair" when peace is actually signed and the Central European States are able once more to buy the enormous quantities of rubber of which they are in such urgent need.

In the meantime it is interesting to note that the total new supply of plantation rubber for 1918 is estimated at about 257,000 tons. But a considerable increase in production may be expected for the current year as a result of the abolition of restriction of output.

The Mining Market.

Amongst various small changes, an outstanding feature, to-day, is a jump in Houtpoort shares to 5s on a cable fully confirming the striking of the reef in the Tulipvale property. These shares are likely to further improve.

In Kaffirs there have been a few declines on poor dividends, but the market is rallying, and an excellent dividend of the New Modderfontein has put the price up to £27.

Cons. Mines Selection and Rand Selection Corporation have also improved, and Johnnies Investments remain a strong feature at 24s 3d, with their subsidiary Government Area at 4 11 16. There have, however, been a few slight declines.

Rhodesians are not quite so firm as they were, but Chartered shares are steady at 24s, while Rhodesian Broken Hill, after a further rise, have relapsed to 14s 1¾d. Transvaal and Rhodesia have hardened to 2s 5d, but a few of the minor shares have shed small fractions. Tanganyika, however, have improved to 5 1-16.

In West Africans, Ashanti Goldfields and old Coast Amalgamated are firmer.

Amongst Barriers the tone has been quiet. Broken Hill Props at 60s 6d, Broken Hill North at 3 1-32 ex div.

Tin has suffered a severe decline to £235 5s for cash, and £230 5s for three months.

In Copper there was no change for cash from £112, but the three months' quotation is £89 10s. There has not been much change in Tin or Copper shares.

West African Mahogany shares have advanced sharply to 19s 3d.

ZEPPS FOR ENGLAND.

Paris, Saturday.

The Echo de Paris, discussing the conditions of the handing over of the Zeppelins, in conformity with the terms of the armistice, states that, according to the opinion of British and French experts, the airships will be piloted to France and England by their own crews. This will only be possible, however, after hangers have been constructed by technical experts to house the Zeppelins.

Cailler's

COCOA

The Cocoa that Nourishes

Of Great Purity and Exquisite Flavour

SIR HIRAM MAXIM'S REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENTS

Inventor of Maxim Gun Perfects Common Sense Invention for the Cure of

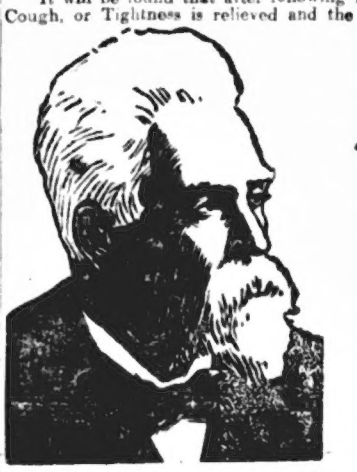
CATARRH—DEAFNESS—EAR NOISES & BRONCHITIS

Send for Free Copy of Sir Hiram Maxim's New Book and Learn of a Quick and Easy Home Cure

As we all know, Sir Hiram Maxim's name is honoured all over the world for his wonderful invention of the Maxim Gun; but it is not only in the art of war that Sir Hiram's Inventions are famous. The veteran inventor, who has done so much to help our brave soldiers in the fighting line, is shown to-day in quite a new light. He has now come to us with a mission of peace that will gladden the hearts of thousands of sufferers from catarrh, deafness, ear noises, asthma, hay fever, and bronchitis. In brief, Sir Hiram Maxim has discovered a quick and simple home cure for all catarrhal troubles, he cured himself in a remarkably short time, and, in order that all sufferers should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments without interfering with their daily occupation, he has published a most interesting little book which his sole licensees now give away free to all who apply for it.

A Doctor (M.D. London) going so far as to say that the immediate relief obtained was almost magical

It will be found that after following the advice given in the book the Catarrh, Cough, or Tightness is relieved and the expectoration diminished.



The hearing improves, ear noises gradually stop, the stuffiness in nose and the uncomfortable feeling in the throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose is checked, and bouts of sneezing cease instantly. An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure will take place in a short time.

The curative effect of this discovery is so remarkable that thousands suffering in exactly the same way as you are have already been cured; most of these being chronic cases where everything else has failed.

YOUR FREE BOOK

will be sent on receipt of name and address. Never mind how many previous treatments have failed, read the free book and follow Sir Hiram Maxim's commonsense advice. You will be surprised and delighted at the result. A copy will be posted, free of charge, to every reader who writes for it to-day.

The address is: Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees (Dept. D.O.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

GROW BEAUTIFUL HAIR FREE

A SUGGESTION ALL MAY ADOPT

1,000,000 New Year Hair Health and Beauty Outfits FREE

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If you desire to look young and well-groomed look to your hair. That is why the proprietors of the world-famous Hair Growing Specific "Harlene" are offering 1,000,000 Outfits Free.

Send for your "Harlene Hair Drill" Four-Fold Gift and grow healthy, luxuriant, and abundant hair.

Why not decide to-day to banish hair poverty for ever, when all the rich sparkle and abundance of hair in its natural healthy condition is yours for the asking?

ACCEPT THIS WONDERFUL GIFT.

There is no restriction to this gift distribution. It is sufficient that you are troubled with any form of hair "ailment," or that you desire to improve the appearance of your hair.

The Gift parcel comprises:—

1. **A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.**
2. **A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."**
3. **A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."**
4. **A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.**

No hair trouble can defy the soothing, strengthening effect of "Harlene" and its scientific method of application, "Hair-Drill."

Don't continue to suffer from

1. **Scalp Irritation.**
2. **Baldness.**
3. **Thin or Falling Hair.**
4. **Over-greasiness.**
5. **Scurf or Dryness.**

Prove the wonderful merits of "Harlene" for yourself without cost. After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1s 1½d, 2s 9d, and 4s 9d per bottle. (In solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, &c., at 2s 9d per tin, with full directions.) "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s 1½d and 2s 9d per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1s 1½d per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent on receipt of 6d extra for postage, direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

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Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. Mark envelope "Sample Dept."

"The Post Sunday Special," 5.1.19.